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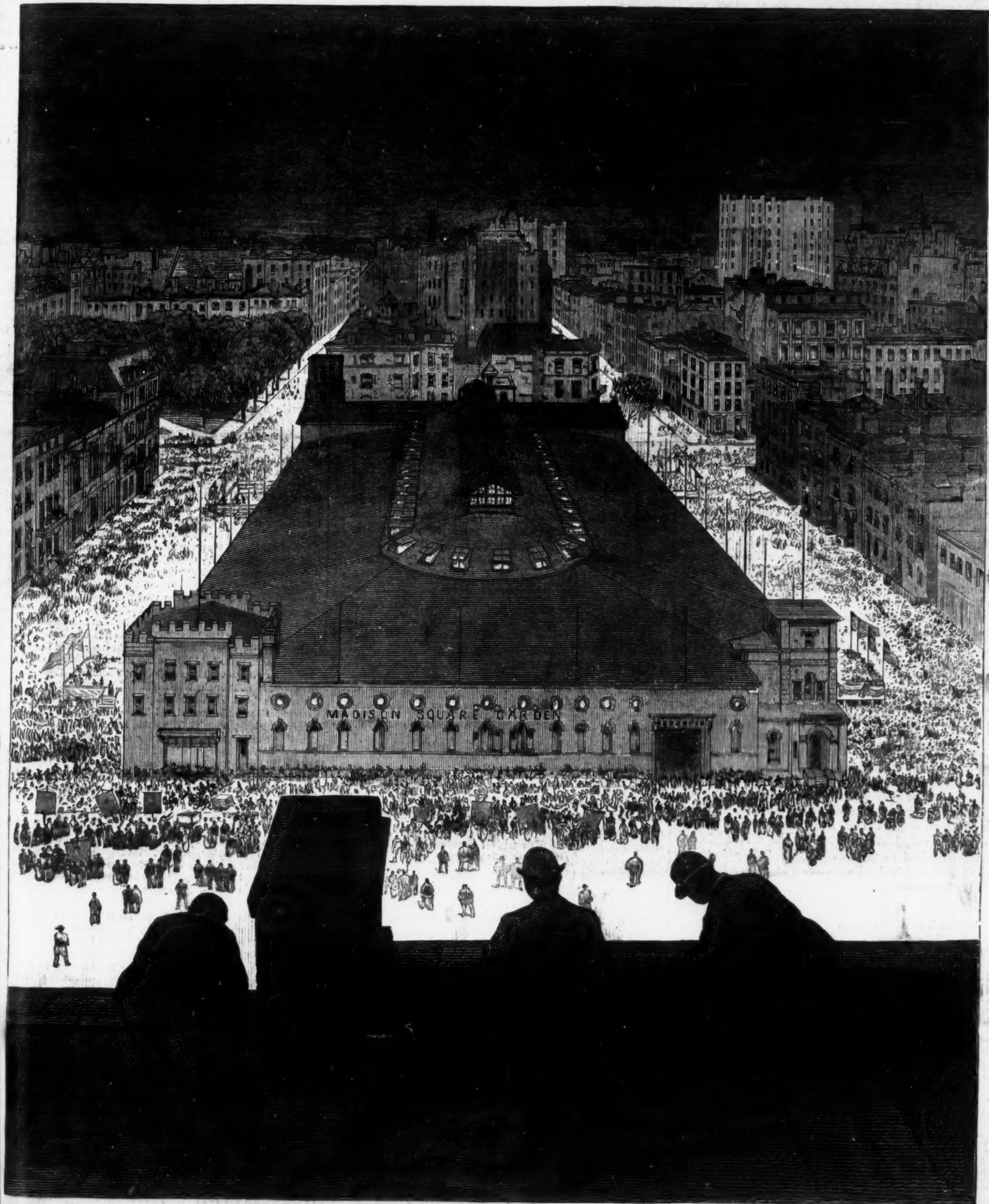


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NEW YORK CITY.—DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF HON. ALLEN G. THURMAN, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, SEPTEMBER 6TH.
GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDING AND STANDS ON THE SIDE STREETS.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 71.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

A NOTEWORTHY REFORM.

THE Presidential election of 1888 will be remarkable for the fact that it is preceded by no great "October election." Ohio was the last of the important States to abandon the old system of holding two elections within a few weeks of each other—the first for State officers and the second for Federal. Ohio had her "October election" as usual in 1884, but only a year later the people adopted an amendment to the Constitution abolishing the system. Indiana had an October election in 1880, but did away with the plan before 1884. Iowa and West Virginia fell in with the tide in 1884. Pennsylvania had led the way in 1873, when the new Constitution was adopted. The only Northern States which still hold preliminary State elections in the Fall of a Presidential year are Vermont and Maine, which are too one-sided in politics for the result to carry much weight, and in these, for some time past, there has been a growing agitation for the abolition of the duplex system.

The change which has thus been brought about is a reform of great importance. Under the old policy the elections in the October States lost their true character as controversies over State issues, and became merely the first engagements of the Presidential struggle. The question was not as to whether a certain candidate or policy were better than the candidate or policy on the other side, but how the party might secure the largest possible share of "moral effect" upon voters throughout the Union. "As goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union," used to be the most familiar of mottoes, and the "floating vote" throughout the country was expected to be carried along with the tide which swept over the Keystone State. Before the war the State was often very close, Harrison carrying it in 1840 over Van Buren by the narrow margin of only 349 plurality. After Pennsylvania dropped out of the October procession, popular interest centred upon Ohio and Indiana, especially the latter, as always a close and doubtful State. The demoralizing fight for its control in October, 1880, was one of the most discreditable incidents in our political history.

There was never anything to be said in favor of the October election, or of a State election at any other time within a few weeks of the Presidential election. It was expensive, without rendering any return for the money invested; it changed the issue in the State from the proper basis of State questions to the national controversy; it distracted the attention of the rest of the country; and it exerted an influence beyond the State upon the discussion of the national controversy which was disturbing. Instead of carrying on a reasonable campaign in all the States, the party managers massed their forces in two or three, and the others were expected to be, and too often were, profoundly affected by the result. In 1880 the result of the Presidential election was practically decided, and was generally felt to be decided, when the verdict of Indiana upon the State controversy was rendered.

It is in every way a great gain to be rid of the whole October business. Its general elimination is an excellent illustration of the way in which common sense triumphs over tradition. When General Harrison's grandfather ran for President, the people did not vote for President throughout the country on the same day. On the contrary, the balloting began in Pennsylvania and Ohio upon the last Friday in October, and closed in North Carolina upon the second Thursday of November. Such a system was even less defensible than that of preliminary State elections, and it did not long survive. The "October election" folly had more vitality, and a struggle was generally required to put an end to it. The gain to the cause of good politics by its abolition is so great, that it is hard to overestimate it.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN FLORIDA.

IT is a consolation to be reminded, as we all are from time to time, of the courage and devotion to duty and generous spirit of self-sacrifice that are still living factors in what we are pleased to call our selfish and materialistic civilization. Men do live more and more for acquisition and for personal enjoyment; but side by side with them, and not less numerous now in proportion than at any time in the world's history, other men live to remember and to practice the charity that is greater than faith or hope. Not all the display of the ostentatiously rich, not all the noise of vain voices raised in chorus, can make mankind insensible to the beauty of noble deeds done at the call of humanity and without hope of reward. The liberality that gives out of a full store to those who need honors the giver, but there is a higher liberality than this. Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life; nor do unselfishness and courage show themselves in a brighter light than when the physician faces the terrors of a wasting plague to help those of whom he asks to know no more than that they are in extremity.

The outbreak of the yellow fever in Florida but little

more than a month ago, however unexpected by those at a distance, must have announced itself to the medical men on the spot by symptoms and by signs they could not fail to interpret; but no one of them forsook his post to avoid the danger to which his professional duties rendered him even more liable than other men. One at least of these brave spirits, Dr. W. L. Baldwin, has fallen in the discharge of his duty, and others have been stricken down, and have only faint hopes of recovery. The prospect for the people of Florida, and, indeed, as some think, for those of the neighboring States, is dismal enough for the six weeks that must elapse before the coming of frost puts an end to the scourge; but they must be cheered by the active sympathy and help they receive from other places. Not only from the South, but from the North also, physicians and trained nurses are ready to answer the call, and have offered their services; and it ought to be remembered that, if the present occasion has set them in the public eye, it is but an episode in their unwearying struggle with disease and death.

AN AMBITIOUS PROJECT.

THERE has been nothing in the history of internal Western improvements equal in consequence to the two great plans which have just been brought forward, the one for the damming of Rocky Mountain streams in the cañons, the other for the prevention, through this very damming, of the destructive action of the Lower Mississippi upon its banks and levees. We have alluded to the plan for vast storage reservoirs for irrigation, which is advocated by Major Powell, and to the fact that a provision has been attached to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, passed by the Senate, to give \$250,000 for the purpose of investigating the extent to which the desert regions of the United States can be placed under cultivation by irrigation. There are 150,000 square miles of territory which, if watered and properly developed, might be worth thirty dollars an acre, or ultimately nearly three billions of dollars to be added to our national wealth, and there certainly seems a more than reasonable chance that scientific agricultural engineering may yet accomplish this result.

Closely connected with this plan of forming vast reservoirs in the mountain cañons is Major Powell's formulation of the principle that "the cutting power of a stream increases rapidly with the sedimentary load." It has been thought that there was no effectual remedy for the cutting power of the Mississippi or for the dryness of the great plains, but Major Powell holds that if the sediment washed down from the mountains and plains could be eliminated, the river could be controlled with comparative ease. The Mississippi becomes muddy below its junction with the Missouri, which brings down a vast amount of drainage. If the sediment could be diverted into large basins, where it could be stored, and where the effects of floods might be expended without injury, the power of the lower river to cut through levees and embankments and wear new channels would be obviously much lessened, and at the same time the reservoirs with which the great hydraulic works would be connected would be useful, as we have explained, for irrigation. A great deal of water can be withdrawn from the Missouri without harm, and its water can be made comparatively clear, like the water of the Ohio. At present there is not only the wearing action of the Lower Mississippi, but there are also the destructive floods which overflow fertile lands. Major Powell has addressed a letter to the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce, in which he presents the facts as to the volume of the drainage discharge of the Mississippi, and as to the responsibility of the Missouri for the disasters caused to the plantations of Louisiana. Owing to the vast volume of sediment carried by the former river, it is certain in its passage through a flooded plain to choke the channel and change its course. The Ohio supplies most flood water, and is subject to the greatest changes; but the Missouri carries the most sediment, and it is this which constantly cuts away the banks of the Mississippi. It is held that by a storage of the Missouri's head-waters the Mississippi system would be relieved of its greatest danger, and at the same time the great plains might be opened to agriculture. Major Powell's long experience and high standing certainly entitle his plans to respectful consideration. He has suggested a plausible way of solving the two greatest problems presented by the river system and dry plains of the West. It is perfectly obvious that science must improve upon nature in utilizing our natural resources, and it is wiser to give attention to such practical ends than to the dredging of useless harbors or nearly dry rivers, with the low view of furthering partisan ends.

IF THERE SHOULD BE WAR.

MUCH has been written and said about the new navy and our coast defenses. Prior to the present Administration, Mr. Tilden, in the serious and stately phraseology in which he was an adept and a master, wrote his celebrated letter to Mr. Carlisle, picturing the possible consequences of an attack by hostile squadrons on our seaboard cities. He estimated, in imposing figures, the lives and property at stake from the modern engines of war that could float outside our harbors, and solemnly admonished our legislators that a good way to expend the surplus was to police our coasts with proper cruisers,

and defend them with guns of adequate range and calibre, and fortifications in harmony with the warfare of the age. Has anything been done in the direction he suggested? At best, only a feeble beginning has been made. Several cruisers, confessedly inferior to those of the second class of Great Britain, have been built under great difficulties, and their proficiency is not as yet by any means assured. Our Army Ordnance Department has been making indefinite experiments with dynamite and multi-charge guns, while nothing in the line of coast-defense fortification is recorded as either achieved or attempted by the War Department. One branch of our defensive service alone is on a level with that of other nations, and that is our torpedo service, as conducted on Torpedo Island at Newport, and presumably it is the best in the world. But are the great cities of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific seaboard to rely upon this uncertain destructive agency alone to ward off the foe who may be on our coast-lines within ten days from the time there may be an angry dispute?

Every dictate of patriotism demands that Congress should give some attention to this important matter. There is neither wisdom nor economy in the narrow policy which has hitherto been pursued in providing for the public defense, and the country may yet awake to a perception of the gravity of its error.

THE OHIO CENTENNIAL.

ON April 7th, 1788, the first permanent settlement within the present limits of the State of Ohio was made at Marietta. On July 15th of the same year, General Arthur St. Clair, after the public reading of his commission, entered upon the discharge of his duties as Governor of the Northwestern Territory. Both these events—the beginning of a settlement and the formal establishment of civil government in this vast Territory—were appropriately celebrated at Marietta on the one-hundredth anniversary of their date.

A third commemoration of these important historical events began at Columbus on September 4th, and is to be continued until late in October. This celebration takes the form of a Centennial Exposition, and is designed to exhibit the growth and development of Ohio, in all directions, in a hundred years. The Governors or other representatives of Virginia, Massachusetts and Connecticut, which stand in the relation of mother States, and also of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, sister States, carved out of the great Northwestern Territory, have added, by their presence, to the interest of the Columbus celebration, while other distinguished men and famous orators have told anew the story of the founding and upbuilding of a State.

It is not surprising that the citizens of Ohio should take peculiar pride in the achievements and history of their commonwealth. It was founded by Dr. Manasseh Cutler, Generals Putnam, Parsons, Varnum, and other officers of the Revolution, who were worthy to be the builders of States. The Ohio colony had the special aid and interest of the great Washington himself. Ohio was the first-born State of the immortal Ordinance of 1787. Although not admitted into the Union until 1803, it has already outgrown all the newer and the older States of the Union save two. During the last twenty-five years its influence and control in national affairs have been larger than can be claimed by any sister State. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and McPherson were natives of Ohio. Three Presidents of the United States, within fifteen years, were identified with that State. Two Ohio Chief-Justices, Chase and Waite, presided over the Supreme Bench during the past twenty-four years. Three Associate-Justices of the Supreme Court, Swayne, Woods and Matthews, have had like relations with the State. The two foremost Secretaries of the Treasury since 1861, Chase and Sherman, and any number of Cabinet Ministers and Foreign Ministers, have come up from the "New Dominion." Ohio has hence held the controlling place which Virginia once occupied in the councils of the nation.

But ambition to hold high office has not been the only distinction of its citizens. Thomas Corwin, Thomas L. Hamer, John A. Bingham, John Brough, William H. Gibson and William McKinley are orators that compare favorably with those of any State or of any country. Charles Hammond, old Thomas Ewing, Hocking Hunt, Henry Stanbery, Allen G. Thurman, Rufus P. Ranney, William S. Groesbeck and Samuel Shellabarger are lawyers that rank among the foremost of their profession in the Union. In the field of legislative statesmanship, James A. Garfield has had no superior since Webster, and in the field of finance, John Sherman is the peer of any financier of modern times. Ohio is worthily represented in literature by William D. Howells and "Artemus Ward," while in art, a score of Ohioans have won distinction besides Hiram Powers and J. Q. Ward. The public schools and benevolent institutions of this State surpass those of most of the older States. Its penal institutions have long been self-supporting. Its railways and canals exceed in length those of any State except New York and Pennsylvania. Its material prosperity, if it still keeps up its percentage of gain upon Pennsylvania, will raise Ohio in twenty years to the position of the second State in the Union. Being settled by the best stock from Connecticut, Massachusetts, Virginia and Pennsylvania, its citizens have been shrewdly enterprising, order-loving and law-abiding. Ohio's services and sacrifices in the War for the Union are well known. And its aggressive enterprise and public spirit, now being exhibited at its capital, will carry its progress forward along the ascending line upon which it has hitherto traveled. May Ohio next hundred years be as creditable and honorable as its first century has been!

THE EXCLUSION OF CHINESE.

ON the 3d of September, Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, introduced a Bill for the total exclusion of Chinamen from the country, and in twenty minutes it was passed by the House of Representatives. The Bill provides for the exclusion of Chinese laborers, resident or non-resident, prohibits the issue of certificates of citizenship, and declares void those already issued under the Act of March 3d, 1882.

A treaty recently negotiated by Secretary Bayard and the Chinese Minister at Washington, and actually in the hands of the Chinese Government, is said to have been rejected just before Mr. Scott's Bill was introduced into the House. This statement, however, has not been confirmed, and in any case the rumor has had nothing to do with the preparation of the Bill, nor yet the indecently hasty manner of its passage. The motive for it is too plain. The two parties are striving to outdo each other in making legislation subserve special partisan interests, with

regard to the interests of the people or the dignity of the nation. The immigration of the Chinese is a matter of indifference to the vast majority of the people, but to the inhabitants of the Pacific Slope it is a vital question. They are practically unanimous in their opposition to the Chinese; and the Exclusion Bill is meant to secure the vote of the Pacific States for the party that originated it.

It is deplorable that a free people can be so handled and so abused by their representatives. Congress is plainly derelict in duty when it fails to consider gravely and act deliberately upon great public concerns. It is hardly possible to doubt that the presence of the Chinese is highly undesirable. They form an element that does not assimilate with the other races and peoples which the American people receives and absorbs; but if the Chinese are to be excluded, the reasons for their exclusion ought to be made clear and plain by discussion and by arguments worthy of a great nation. And we should at least be consistent, and, while excluding Chinamen, should shut the doors also against other immigrants who are hardly less objectionable.

It may be ingenious to carry a measure like Mr. Scott's Bill by a kind of surprise, but those Americans who have not ceased to associate the idea of liberty with respect for law must hope that those who have lent their support to a trick so unworthy will find that they have overshot the mark.

CANADA AND RETALIATION.

THE present Administration and the Democratic party in Congress being distinctly committed to the policy of retaliation against the Dominion of Canada, it may be well to consider the relative influence or effect of that policy upon the two countries directly concerned. It is quite evident that much greater agitation has been caused in Canada by the attitude of the President than here in the United States. Small nations and communities are always more morbidly sensitive to criticism and to whatever seems to affect their interests than great nations confident of their strength. Hence the bluster and swagger of the Canadians, which has been echoed by only one London newspaper, has very properly been rebuked by the Government of Lord Salisbury. The cool-headed statesmen of England see that any increase of bitterness or local excitement will embarrass and postpone a peaceable adjustment of a vexed and troublesome question. War is not looked upon as probable, nor is violent action regarded with favor on either side. The world is fast getting too highly civilized for a resort to barbarous methods for the settlement of even the gravest disputes. It is a question whether the law of retaliation, the *lex talionis*, has not become an obsolete law among nations that have reached the highest plane of civilization.

The Bill before Congress to give effect to the President's Message virtually places an embargo upon trade and commerce with Canada. Such partial interruptions of commerce derange business in all directions, and divert the currents of trade from their customary channels. The ill-advised embargo against England of President Jefferson worked disastrously to the United States because the interruption of all commerce with Great Britain was a much more serious matter to us than it was to that great commercial power. Our trade was but a small part of England's commerce, and hence its loss was not felt by that country.

As the nation that can hold out longest suffers least from embargoes or retaliation measures, it follows that Canada will suffer relatively more than this country from restrictions upon trade. Our commerce and trade with Canada are a comparatively small part of our general business with the whole outside world. The cessation of trade relations with that country altogether would work no vital injury to the United States. With the Canadians the case is different. Their commercial and business relations with this country constitute the bulk of their commerce, and, therefore, the interruption of these relations would be fatally disastrous to Canadian prosperity. The American trade is the mainstay and support of their commercial classes. Its total or partial loss would cripple the Canadians in a most injurious and serious way. As Portland, Boston and New York are not only Winter but Summer seaports of Canada, it is obvious that the quantity of goods destined for Canada, and shipped in bond through the United States, is tenfold greater than the quantity of American goods bonded through Canada. While a few of our railway lines will suffer somewhat from a loss in transportation of Canadian goods, the inconvenience and increased cost of ocean freight will be much greater to our neighbors than to ourselves. We can stand the inconvenience and loss. They cannot.

THE SNOBBERY OF LABOR.

WE have seen about everything namable done in this country because it has been fashionable on the other side, and our prayers for deliverance have been heavy therefor, but it certainly looks as if a burden is to be put upon us greater than we ought to bear.

We have suffered from the snippet of a woman whose father began life as a blacksmith but made money as a founder, who draws herself up haughtily when a shop-girl asks if she will take her parcel or have it sent, and answers, at the top of her shrill voice, "Does a lady ever carry a parcel?"

We have suffered from the woman who marries a man of business on condition that he shall become a gentleman of elegant leisure on her money (her father, good man, was a soap man), and when tired of him, five years later, secures a divorce for "failure to support"! And we have also suffered from the woman who would rather run her account at her milliner's to a point where it is utterly beyond her husband's means than admit to a friend she even knows the number of her gowns or the amount they cost; and also from the woman who gets across to Europe, and deliberately lies as to how her father made his money, and the way her husband is making his.

To all these we have become used by slow degrees, even while we have thought that snobbery could go no further; but now there comes to us a dreadful warning.

Hot on the heels of all other foolish ostentation come rumors that we are to be treated to a visitation from the "lady shopkeeper," even as England and France have seen her face. The Parisian countess who has just opened a millinery establishment in already matched by the daughter of a millionaire here who has for two years secured as a typewriter the few hundred dollars that would keep some poor girl's mother from despair at her daughter's hardships, or worse yet—disgrace! A well-known marquise, who makes a tidy income by renting out her silver and cut glass, is no more shrewd and clever than the daughter of our famous poet who earns a trip to Europe each year by the embroidery which she trots from house to house to solicit.

For the charming English peeress who tries on bonnets to make them "go," and fairly crowds them in her customers' broughams when they refuse to take wings for themselves, we can exchange—if anybody wants her—the daughter of a three-millionaire who masks herself behind an inoffensive dressmaker, it is true, but is

in truth nothing more nor less than a second-hand clothing wench. That our exchanges established for the sale of women's work are complained of continually, because it is pin-money they secure for women who do not need it, instead of bed and board for those who do, is a fact as well known as that poor girls are almost martyred by the middle-class girls who take their places in our shops.

In many cases this new movement has not even the decent incentive of a desire for money. The wish of a lady, or, rather, of a gentlewoman, it can never be, to put into her own mouth the sweet bread of life taken from the hand of another, simply and solely to see what it tastes like! That alone ought to bar out all whom necessity has not put to their wits, and even they might well hesitate before they used their former power and state to bully their friends into giving up their old *protégées* and coming to them.

With, then, money and a spirit of independence barred out, what excuse is there left for these women to offer? Beyond the bald, cruel phrase that "they do so on the other side," there is not a word for them to say. For us who stand by and look, there is much, and nothing too severe. When a woman of fashion and fortune turns to shopkeeping, or any work which brings her shoulder to shoulder with the hustling, unkempt world, she does it because she is either greedy, cruel, or so high and mighty in her own estimation, that she likes to show the rabble that she dares to take hold of the work they are scrambling for dear life to quit. Betwixt three such beauties of character Paris himself would be flustered to choose.

It is stated that General Harrison's letter of acceptance is partly written, and will shortly be given to the public. It is also said that President Cleveland's acceptance will not be delayed much longer. A story that Mr. Randall was assisting him in its preparation has of course produced nothing but amusement, even among the most credulous. Mr. Randall is the last man to whom the President would appeal for help; and as to the tariff question, there is no possibility of agreement between these aggressive advocates of radically hostile theories.

It is clear that we must have a more rigorous enforcement of the law against contract labor. A new method of evasion has been found. Recently a Portuguese brig stopped at Halifax, ostensibly for water, and landed sixty women, who had been engaged in Fayal to fill situations in Boston and elsewhere. These women were taken across the border, in small parties, by rail, and reached their employers without detention by Government officers. This is likely to be done so often, that the clause forbidding the importation of contract labor will be worthless unless the Canadian frontier is watched as carefully as the seaboard.

The insinuation in some of the Republican papers that Judge Thurman's inability to address the great Democratic meeting at Madison Square Garden, in this city, last week, was due to intoxication instead of actual illness, is so indecent and so scandalous, that it will be univ.ally resented by all honest people. If the Republican managers suppose that they can promote the election of General Harrison by personal assaults upon the Democratic candidates, they will very speedily have occasion to regret their blunder. The American people will not permit injustice to be done to the reputation of an honorable man and faithful public servant like Judge Thurman.

THREE more counties in New Jersey, making four in all, have declared in favor of the prohibition of liquor-selling, while only one has so far given a majority for license. Two of the counties voting for the suppression of the traffic are Democratic and two Republican, while the county carried by the liquor men usually goes with the party having the most "boodle." The general success of the temperance people has given great satisfaction throughout the State, as showing the real power of public sentiment when given an opportunity for expression. Many former Prohibitionists, who see what practical results can be achieved under the existing law, are reported to be abandoning the third-party movement, and the vote for General Fisk, their Presidential candidate, is likely to be diminished from that polled by him in the gubernatorial contest two years ago.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York World confirms the statement made by certain journals that Secretary Bayard was entirely ignored in the matter of the Retaliation Message. Nor was he consulted as to the introduction of the Anti-Chinese Bill in the House. The Bill was an Administration measure and was written on Administration paper. The correspondent adds: "The motive for this extraordinary haste is so transparent as to appear like a bit of comedy. Senator Butler, who denounced the haste with which this Bill was rushed through the House, is much more of a statesman than a partisan. He saw very clearly the lack of wisdom of such a course. The State Department has cable communication with China, but has received no word of the rejection of the treaty, and therefore was not at all pleased with the position in which the action of the House has placed it." Whatever Mr. Cleveland may or may not be, he is undoubtedly the head of his own Administration, and Cabinet Ministers have long since learned to recognize his authority.

THERE was no brighter feature of "Labor Day" than an unexpected incident at Cleveland. A lot of anarchists who called themselves carpenters got into the procession, and when the rendezvous was reached they refused to acknowledge, and insulted, the American flag, waving aloft their blood-red banner. But they speedily learned a lesson in patriotism. A hundred genuine workmen fell upon the blatant anarchists. Their red rag was torn from them and trampled in the mud, and the anarchists themselves received from the honest laboring men one of the most thorough thrashings ever bestowed in the City of Cleveland. Afterwards the police picked half a dozen battered anarchists out of the mud and locked them up on the charge of inciting a riot. The line between labor and anarchy has seldom been more sharply drawn. Those who earn their livelihood by honest work under the shelter of our flag are not likely to substitute the emblem of liberty, law and order for the emblem of rapine, disorder and bloodshed. Anarchists and workmen have nothing in common. The demonstration of the fact at Cleveland was worth a hundred speeches and pamphlets.

A BILL to prevent indiscriminate immigration, which is being framed by Representative Oates, of Alabama, at the request of the Special House Committee on that subject, provides that the entire inspection of immigrants shall be made under Federal authority, that a head-tax of fifty dollars, or thereabouts, shall be exacted from the steamship companies, and that all intending immigrants shall be required to give notice of their intention to American Consuls six months before leaving home, and on arrival here to make affidavit that they have not been assisted by public authorities, and

that they are not under contract, have not been convicted of felony, or taken from poorhouses. There may be some difficulty in preventing evasions of this last provision, but there ought to be none in compelling the steamship companies to obey the provision as to head-money. Such a tax, uniformly exacted, would certainly discourage pauper immigration, and put an end to the work of lying agents abroad. There is force, also, in the suggestion that if the law should be so amended as to require better and larger accommodations for each steerage passenger, thus enhancing the cost of passage, good results would follow in the fact that the number of immigrants brought on every trip would be smaller than is now customary.

FOR those who have followed recent events in Africa, interest approaches a climax. It is reported that the Mahdi has sent out three expeditions against the mysterious "White Pasha," who has been described as pushing on towards Khartoum, and all these expeditions have been repulsed. In the region where Emin Bey fled after the fall of Khartoum, and where his would-be rescuer, Stanley, is believed to have followed, these men are, so far as is known, the only white leaders. Between the two there is a question, but as Emin is known, it seems probable that the White Pasha is the heroic Stanley, who has passed safely through the miasmatic regions of the Upper Congo, and escaped the vengeance of savage kings, and is now steadily fighting his way onward to rescue Emin Bey. Many months have passed since we have had definite news of Stanley, and it is not long since it was reported that he was fatally sick and nearly deserted. But the news at present seems more hopeful. It would be a most romantic, indeed, marvelous, achievement if it turns out that Emin Bey is rescued by the White Pasha, and the White Pasha is the heroic American explorer Stanley. The evidence points this way. Professor Ravenstein, a member of the British Geographical Society, now confirms this theory. When Stanley started from the Congo, in July, 1887, he carried stores for only two months. When he failed to carry out his purpose of crossing a region of marshes to Albert Lake, he must have gone northward for supplies. Professor Ravenstein points out that the Nyam-Nyam country would have been directly in Stanley's route if he were searching for friendly tribes, and his arrival would have been reported among other tribes. Professor Ravenstein believes Stanley to be with the Welle Makua tribe of the Nyam-Nyams, and holds that he has succeeded long since in opening communication with Emin—a comparatively easy matter, since the tribe is known to have been well disposed towards Emin Bey.

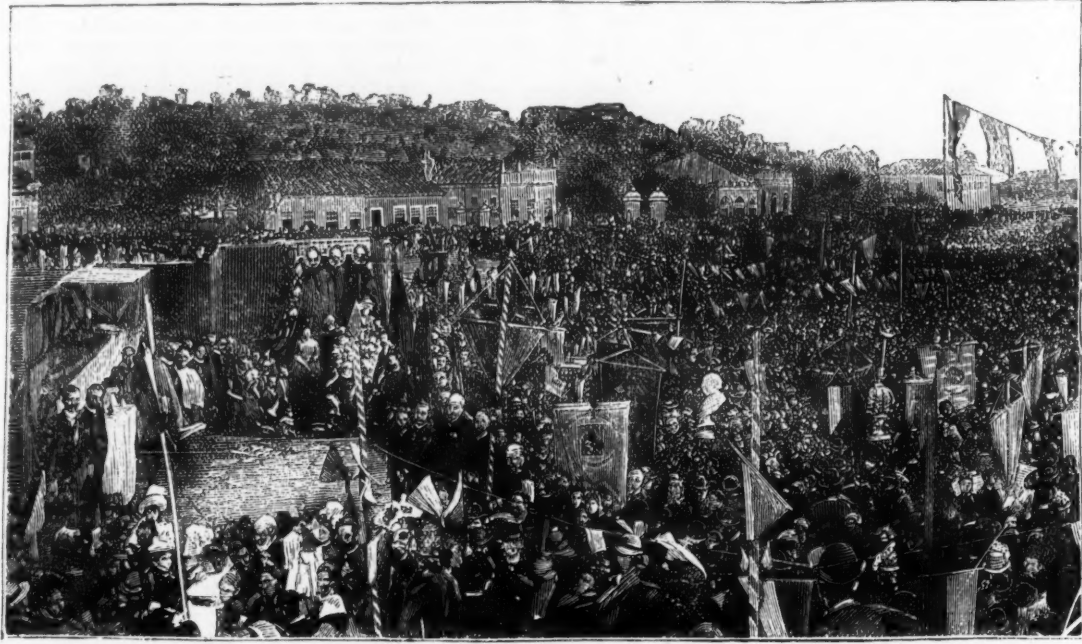
LESTER WALLACK, the famous New York actor-manager, died suddenly at his Summer home in Stamford, Conn., on Thursday of last week. Although in the sixty-ninth year of his age, he had not yet grown old to the playgoers whose *beau idéal* in classic and romantic comedy he had been for more than a generation past. Lamented put a rather sudden stop to his acting, only three or four years ago, when he appeared to be yet in the height of his powers and popularity; and up to a short time before his death he had confidently shared the hope of the theatre-going public that he might yet return to the scene of his early triumphs. The testimonial performance of "Hamlet," at the Metropolitan Opera House last Spring, organized in his honor and for his benefit by his neighbor managers, Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. Augustin Daly, proved in a substantial manner what a high place he held in professional and popular esteem. The loss suffered by the English-speaking stage in the death of Lester Wallack is the more complete and irretrievable in that, unlike his gifted father, he left no son or daughter inheriting his talents and traditions, or trained to his profession. The family name, so long illustrious in the annals of the theatre, finally disappears from the boards. While his personal and his managerial triumphs were so closely associated that it is a delicate matter to consider them separately, it was chiefly as an actor that the last of the Wallacks was really great and popular. Inheriting a house and a name identified with the best theatrical art in the country, he triumphantly maintained both during a long term of years. The fortunes of the former waned, but the latter never lost its attractive charm while the elegant and finished gentleman comedian trod the stage. Wallack's Theatre was, under both father and son, a house of strong British predilections. English plays, English actors, English ideas, there held sway; and the development of American standards and achievements in the dramatic art won no recognition. The times changed, but the spirit of the "leading comedy theatre" failed to keep pace with them, and so its lead was lost. In plain words, Wallack's Theatre had had its day. The taking off of him who had so long been its informing spirit adds none the less a tender and sincere regret to the universal appreciation of the lasting work for art that was wrought out under his régime.

EVEN those who have no special astronomical knowledge have taken a lively interest in the discoveries which have been taken by some to indicate the presence of life upon the planet Mars. Much has been expected of the great telescope in the Lick Observatory in California, and the director of the observatory, Professor Holden, has now written to the *Tribune*, reporting the results of his observations. He states that regular observation of Mars could not be undertaken until July 16th, so the best time for studying the planet was lost, and it will not be until the next opposition of Mars, in 1890, that the planet can be studied to the best purpose. Nevertheless, over forty careful drawings were made, and they all "agree in showing single broad streaks of dusky marking which cover the place where the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli gives two parallel dark canals with a bright region between them." We have referred before to the report of the Italian scientist as to the presence of canals seemingly due to intelligent agency, but Professor Holden does not explain the difference between his own observations and those of Schiaparelli. Two years must pass, therefore, before the conditions will again be suitable for observations which may throw a light upon the so-called canals. Another important point was in connection with the so-called Continent Libya upon Mars, which had disappeared, according to the observations of M. Perrotin, director of the observatory at Nice, who made a report upon the subject to the Paris Academy in May. Apropos of this report to which we have alluded, the French journal *L'Astronomie* said that "important occurrences, from the climatological, meteorological and perhaps human point of view, are just now taking place on the surface of this neighboring world." But Professor Holden's observations show the Continent of Libya still in its accustomed place, and if it was "submerged" in April, it has emerged again, to the great bewilderment of astronomers. Professor Holden, however, suggests that the intervention of clouds at the time of M. Perrotin's observations caused the change in color which he noted and considered due to the disappearance of the continent. Professor Holden does not accept the divisions into land and water made on Schiaparelli's map. He questions the reality of the so-called "seas" and "canals," and adds that, although there is aqueous vapor in the atmosphere of Mars, it cannot yet be decided which part of the surface furnishes the evaporation.

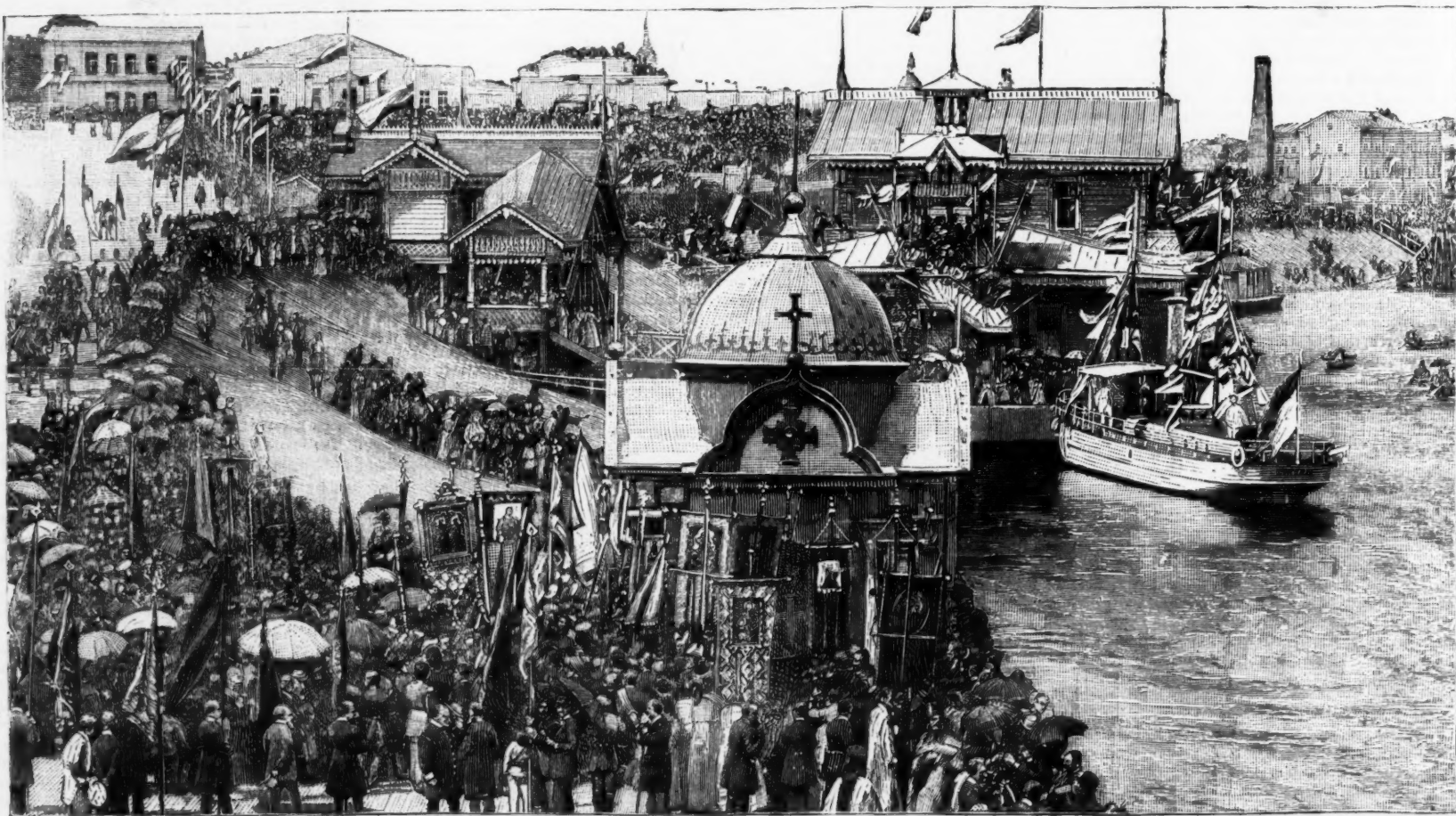
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 70.



GERMANY.—COUNT ALFRED VON WALDERSEE, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE ARMY.



BRAZIL.—OPEN-AIR MASS OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY, CELEBRATED ON THE PLAZA DE DOM PEDRO I., RIO JANEIRO.



RUSSIA.—THE NINTH CENTENARY OF THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY—BENEDICTION OF THE DNIPIER AT KIEV, AT THE SPOT WHERE VLADIMIR AND HIS ARMY WERE BAPTIZED IN 988.



BELGIUM.—THE LOVING CASE ("TONNEAU D'AMOUR"), AT THE BRUSSELS EXPOSITION.



ENGLAND.—KOFFAY'S PORTRAIT OF THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN. (ON EXHIBITION IN LONDON.)

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD STANLEY,
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

LORD FREDERICK ARTHUR STANLEY, Baron Stanley of Preston, who was recently appointed Governor-general of the Dominion of Canada, was born on the 15th of January, 1841, at London, England. His family is a very ancient one, dating back to the time of William the Conqueror. His father, the late earl—the scholar, orator, statesman and minister—was a distinguished figure, not only in English, but in European politics, from 1827 till the day of his demise in 1869. When only twenty years of age he won the Chancellor's Prize, on his graduation at Oxford, by his poem "Syra-cuse," in Latin verse. His son, the present earl, is no less noted in politics and statecraft. The younger son, Baron Stanley, has been almost as prominent in the affairs of the British Empire as either of the earls, father and brother. He entered the Grenadier Guards in 1858; was appointed Lieutenant and Captain in 1862; and retired in 1865. Lord Stanley was Member of Parliament for Preston from 1865 to 1868; for the Northern Division of the County of Lancaster from 1868 till 1885; and for the Blackpool Division of the County from 1885 to 1886, when he was raised to the Peerage, and entered the House of Lords, on his creation as Baron Stanley,



LORD FREDERICK ARTHUR STANLEY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.



CHILI.—HIS EXCELLENCY EMILIO C. VARAS, MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTO. BY GUIMARAES, RIO JANEIRO.

August 27th, 1886. He is Lieutenant-colonel commanding Third and Fourth Battalions of the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment; Aid-de-camp to Her Majesty the Queen; a Lord of the Admiralty from August to December, 1868; Financial Secretary of the Treasury, 1877 to 1878. On April 2d, 1878, Lord Stanley was appointed Secretary of State for War, in succession to Mr. Hardy (now Lord Cranbrook), and was sworn in as member of the Privy Council. During the Autumn recess of Parliament that year, he and Mr. William Henry Smith, the First Lord of the Admiralty, with a numerous suite, visited Cyprus. He went out of office with his party (Conservative), in 1880. After the Conservatives came into power again, he was made Vice-president of the Committee of Council on Education in 1885; Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1885 to 1886; President of the Board of Trade, 1886.

JUDGE EMILIO C. VARAS,

ENVOY AND MINISTER FROM CHILI TO THE UNITED STATES.

JUDGE VARAS, who has just been appointed by the President of Chili as successor to Señor Gana (now transferred to Germany and Italy), is a gentleman of commanding position in his own

country, an astute lawyer, jurist, statesman and diplomat, and a writer of ability. He can hardly be considered yet as "middle-aged," his life counting only forty-four years. He was born in Chili, and graduated in law from the National University at Santiago when twenty-two years old. From 1860 to 1861 he was a Professor in the Secondary Section of Public Instruction. He was elected a Representative to the National Congress soon after graduating. He has been for several years a Justice of the Court of Appeals, from whence he was called to the Cabinet, in 1885, as Minister of Justice and Public Instruction. After retiring from the Cabinet, Judge Varas was appointed Director of the Mint and a member of the Council of State.

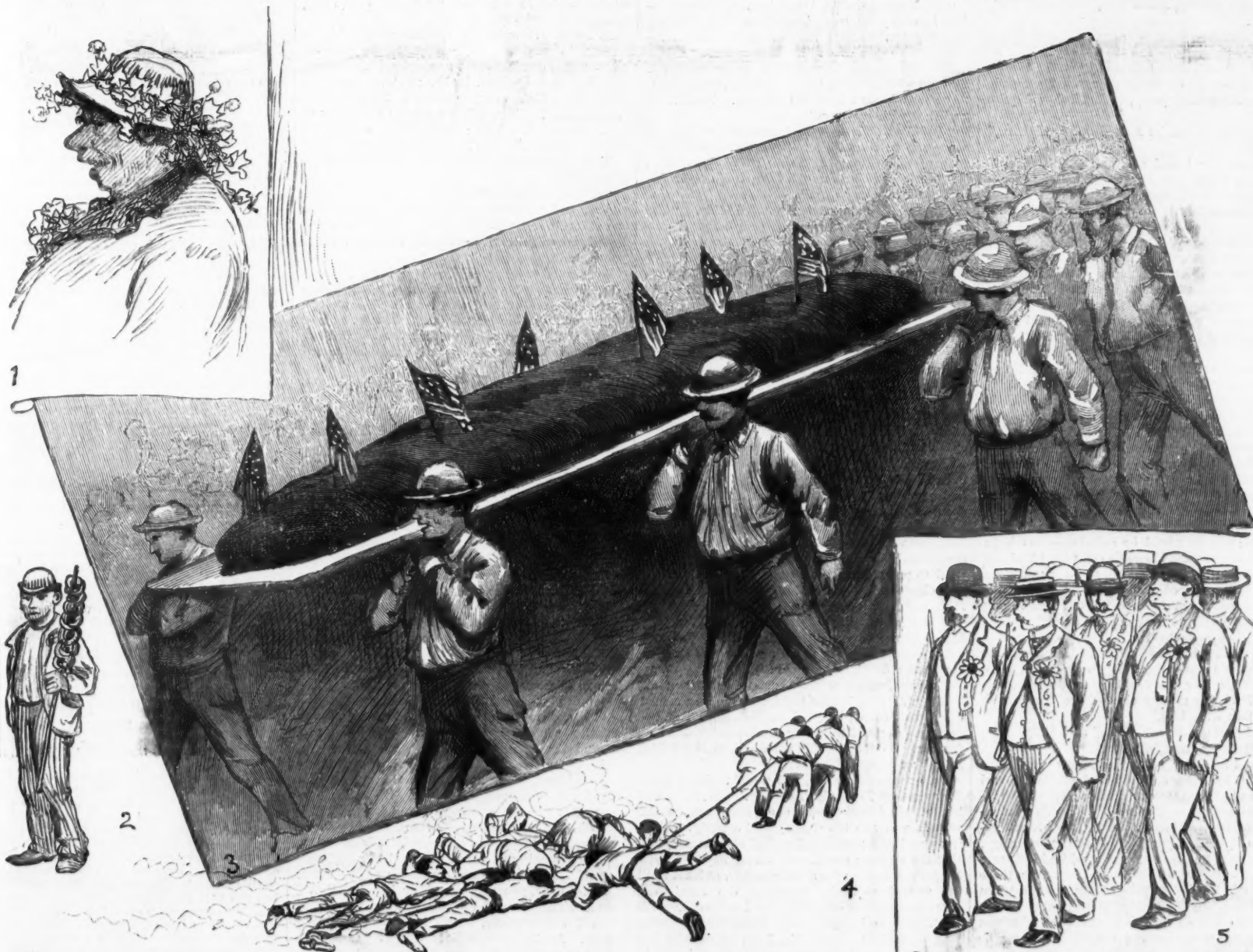
In May, 1887, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Brazil, where he represented his country with much satisfaction to His Imperial Highness Dom Pedro, and Court circles. About a month ago he was transferred from Brazil to the United States as Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary.

Before leaving Chili as a diplomat, and previous to his Cabinet appointment, Señor Varas was connected with some of the leading



NEW HAMPSHIRE.—HON. DAVID H. GOODELL, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY KIMBALL, OF CONCORD.—SEE PAGE 70.



1. A Brewer. 2. A Pretzel vender. 3. The Bakers. 4. Old Firemen at Play. 5. The Printers.

NOTES OF THE LABOR-DAY DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 3d.

FROM A SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 70.

political newspapers of Chili, such as the *Mercurio* of Valparaiso, etc. He is apt and quick of speech, and as a public speaker must be "magnetic." He is pleasing and impressive in his manner, is of medium height, quick and graceful in his movements, but withal possesses a quiet dignity and suavity that excite the admiration of his visitors. His immediate family consists of his wife, two daughters and an only son. The Misses Varas are attractive and prepossessing. The elder is a brunette, taking after her mother in this respect; while the younger is very "fair to look upon," with large, wistful brown eyes. Both the girls will enter the Georgetown Convent, where they will pursue their studies until they make their *debut* in society. The boy will soon attend the Georgetown College. The Minister has leased the furnished residence 1230 Connecticut Avenue, Northwest (where also will be the Legation offices). The Minister and Señora Varas will be a welcome addition to diplomatic and society circles in Washington.

A FABLE.

TWO roses grew, as roses do,
Beside a garden-wall,
And fair and white and pure were they;
And, watched and cared for day by day,
They soon grew strong and tall.

But oh! at last a stranger passed,
In idle mood, that way:
The fairer one his fancy struck—
It cost him naught the rose to pluck,
But soon 'twas cast away.

A while it drooped, but no one stooped
To raise the fallen flower;
By every foot aside 'twas thrust,
And soon down-trodden in the dust,
Beyond reclaiming power.

When from its place I missed its face,
And learned its wasted bloom,
I loved the other all the more,
And watched more careful than before,
Lest it should meet like doom.

Ere one more day, *Death* passed that way,
In solemn funeral state;
Before I knew, one of his band
Had placed within his waxen hand
My poor lost blossom's mate.

But ah! though left of both bereft,
I dared not then complain;
"Tis well," I sighed, though sad my heart;
"An ornament to *Death* thou art,
And diest without stain."

LILIAN A. PAUL.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

BY M. M. CASS, JR.

"TWO pretty girls on the boat at any rate," said Harry, as the three friends alighted at the wharf. "There should be one more, though—one for Tom, poor fellow; he has no knack of making acquaintances."

"Yes; it's too bad about Tom," remarked Phil, derisively.

"I do not care to meet any one," said Tom; "you shall have clear field to-day, boys. Fact is, I'm tired of talk, especially society talk; it's all hollow. If I could exchange thoughts for a while with some interesting party, I think I should quite enjoy it."

"You might as well be a deaf-and-dumb man," said Phil.

"Suppose you travel as one this afternoon," said Harry; "you will hear candor enough," and the novelty of the proposition secured its laughing acceptance before they had reflected on its absurdity.

From that moment Tom was deaf and dumb, and, strolling forward on the boat, he seated himself near the two young ladies, and his friends, in a spirit of merriment, began a make-believe conversation with him on their fingers.

"Tell him we'll be back after a while," said Phil; "also, that we'll see to the tickets, and that he can just sit here and enjoy himself as well as he can. Poor fellow, it is hard to be so afflicted, even if one has a million!"

This information having been communicated, apparently by the signs, the two sauntered away, leaving Tom with the ladies, who had been interested spectators of all the little pantomime. Of course, they had their views to exchange on such an unusual event as a deaf-and-dumb *compagnon du voyage* worth a million, and Kate began immediately, in her impulsive way:

"Isn't it sad, Milly? and he is young and handsome, too; yes, he would be called so—that is, in some places; we would have thought so at Madame Bertrand's. His eyes are good, and his mustache—no, it isn't red, not real red. It's blonde, it's that new color, not terra cotta, but like it, you know—that lovely new russet. And worth a million, too; I suppose he'd give it all to be able to hear. I wonder if he can talk, and if he was born so; if not, it must seem all the worse; and those friends of his, how heartless they are to leave him alone! Probably no one else on the boat knows how to talk with him."

"But I presume he can write," said Milly. "He looks intelligent enough."

"Indeed he does," responded Kate; "and more than that, he looks cultured and scholarly; and notice in what good taste he dresses; nothing to indicate his wealth, no jewelry—yes, there's a watch-chain, but it's small and it's allowable; it's necessary, it subserves a purpose. He wears no rings, and do you notice how taper and white his fingers are? and—See the ship go sailing over there against the hill. You know, Milly, we must not talk of him when he's looking straight at us—these deaf people are so quick; he could tell what you said by the motion of your lips. Whenever he looks around we must talk of ships, for fear that—There goes another one; that is a steamer, Milly; you can tell that, Milly, by the steam and its going through the water. There, see how I met that crisis? I never moved a visible muscle. You must excuse me if I tell you all sorts of foolish things

about ships when he turns those deep eyes on me. They are beautiful eyes, Milly, soft and brown and good. I think he is a good man—that is, he would be if he could hear and talk; not goodly good, but a man of character—a gentleman under all circumstances."

"Oh, do take breath, Kate," said Milly. "How you rattle on, no matter what the subject! But tell me, would you marry such a man?"

"Do you mean if I loved him?" was the reply.

"Why, of course, I would marry any one I loved."

"But I mean," explained Milly, "could you love him?"

"Oh, that's one of your puzzling questions," replied Kate. "That depends—if he loved me, perhaps; if he prized me above all other women, if I was necessary to his happiness, if he should prove to be the one man in the world for me, why, his infirmity would make no difference. But here comes Agatha. Do you know I wish she wouldn't come? She's deceitful. I somehow have no confidence in her since that Percy affair. She encouraged him for months, until his father failed. But let us shock her; don't tell her the mystery of our friend here, and we will horrify her."

They might have succeeded had it not been that Agatha had just been talking with Harry on the lower deck, and, under pledge of secrecy, he told her of the joke which he began to realize was more on Tom than on any one else. So Agatha went forward, at Harry's suggestion, to see what was going on, and also determined to make a good impression on Tom, whom she knew by reputation.

"How do you do, Agatha?" said Kate, affably. "Won't you sit here with us a while? This is the coolest place on the boat, and the most pleasant, too. We have such a charming companion; look at him, Agatha—isn't he handsome? He is a little sunbrowned, but that's because he travels; he hunts and fishes and flirts, and leads a very happy life. He has money, too, invested beyond the reach of failure, and he is of stalwart, manly build, and eyes—Milly, there is another ship, there somewhere; I can't see it yet, but I will look for it—And, as I was saying, he looks self-reliant and dignified, and kissable and adorable."

"Why, Kate, are you crazy?" said Agatha. "Not that I am aware of, Miss Agatha," replied Kate, loftily.

"But, Milly," continued the newcomer, "how dare she talk so in his presence?"

"Oh, Kate means no harm," said Milly, blandly. "He is a gentlemanly fellow, and doesn't care what we say, and he is sunbrowned and dignified; Kate was right."

"Is he a friend or relative of yours?" asked Agatha.

"Relative? No," said Kate. "Friend? I do not know. I am his friend, and his name is Tom. Whether he is my friend or not, remains to be seen."

"Well, young ladies," said Agatha, "your conduct is, to say the least, inexplicable. I certainly should grieve to hurt the feelings of this gentleman, or of any person. Perhaps you may not be giving offense or doing anything unconventional. I do not wish to misjudge you—there is some mystery about it that I cannot fathom. But I must go below with mamma."

"Well," said Kate, after Agatha left, "that was a curious position for her to take; as though we were possibly doing anything wrong—the idea! Her whole speech is unlike her; there is, as she says, some mystery here."

"Indeed there must be," replied Milly. "She has feeling! She has none for anybody. Something in her voice reminds me of the day when she told the madame how she had been inveigled into that excursion, of which she was the promoter."

"Yes, I remember just how she looked," said Kate. "I tell you there is treachery here. Let us go to the cabin for a while. Someway I feel uneasy."

When they had gone, Tom rose, walked to the side of the boat and seriously contemplated jumping overboard. His cheeks burned at the position in which his folly had placed him, and he was so angry at his friends as to have given them little grace had they appeared just then. It had been awkward, terribly awkward and distressing. Why hadn't he left when first they began to talk? He had placed one of the brightest, sweetest, most beautiful girls he had ever seen in a false position which would always mortify her, make her hate him, and make him hate himself. He had been a dishonorable spy, an eavesdropper; he had listened to private conversation. Thoroughly vexed and chagrined, he went below, and meeting his friends, said, very sternly:

"Boys, through your amazing idea of a joke I have disgraced myself. Unless you do just as I ask you, and help me out, I never want to see or speak to either of you again."

The boys, who had heard something of the facts through Agatha, laughed till the tears streamed down their faces; laughed, in fact, until Tom became so enraged that they dared not irritate him further. So they readily promised to assist him in any way he might desire.

Tom remained below, sullen and reticent, until they reached Rockledge Landing. There he and his friends left the boat, and when once on the wharf he saw to his dismay that a party, including the three young ladies, had also landed, and that the steamer was already under way. He must keep up the farce for a little longer, at least until the next boat back. Reaching the hotel—and there was but one—he took the landlord into his confidence and evolved the following ingenious plan of action: He was Mr. John Baird, who had come in over the mountains to meet his twin brother, Mr. Tom Baird, who had come up on the boat. To this notable scheme his two friends heartily assented; but once away from him, they fairly roared when they reflected that Agatha was in the secret, and would probably disclose it at just

the wrong time. In pursuance of the plan, however, Mr. Bennett, the landlord, begged of Kate and Milly that he might introduce Mr. John Baird, who just came in from the Rockledge Valley.

When Baird was introduced, although he had changed his clothes and appearance as far as possible, Kate's stately *hauteur* and Milly's withering scorn almost froze his blood.

"I believe we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Baird on the boat this afternoon," said Kate, icily.

"One Mr. Baird, I've no doubt," said Tom, recklessly. Mr. Tom Baird, my twin brother. Poor fellow, you doubtless noticed his infirmity, only of recent date, too—very recent, in fact; he wouldn't come down to-night—he avoids society, naturally; he's a great hand to rise early and be gone all day in the mountains, and at night take dinner in his room."

"So we shall, doubtless, be denied the pleasure of meeting him?" said Milly, ironically, but half convinced.

"Not at all," said Baird. "I shall insist on his joining us to-morrow evening. It will never do for him to make a hermit of himself at his time of life. So young—that is—"

"Your twin brother, I believe," said Kate, with a mocking something in her voice and manner.

"Yes, oh, yes," continued Tom. "We are quite different, though, as people observe when we are together."

"Indeed," said Kate, with a doubting courtesy; and then, as Tom left them, she added: "Milly, what do you think?"

"I can't tell," replied that young lady. "Wait until we see them together."

"Yes, wait until we do," said Kate, her old doubts returning with added force.

Agatha, however, understood the situation, and sought to make the most of it by cultivating Mr. John Baird, as she affected to believe him. In this she made but little headway. Meanwhile, it became notorious through the hotel that Mr. "Tom" Baird had rambled away to a village down the river, and had thence gone to the city, telegraphing for his valise. Some credible people had seen the dispatch, and it was quite as well known that a valise had been sent to Mr. Tom Baird at his city address. These little incidents, though perhaps not entirely convincing, at least gave Kate and Milly an excuse for treating Tom courteously—a toleration of which he made the most, endeavoring, by every attention, to restate himself in their good graces. The fact is, Tom was desperately, hopelessly in love with Kate; and she was so far interested as to remark, without seeming offended, several little inconsistencies in his story.

"I observe, Mr. Baird," said she, "that your friends, when speaking in haste, are quite as apt to call you Tom as John. Doubtless they confound you with your unfortunate brother. You must be very like."

Thereupon Tom makes some incoherent answer or observation in a pained, reproachful way, and changes the subject.

At length there was a revelation which Kate could not overlook if she desired to; for Agatha, jealous that her arts were vain, and that Tom should be monopolized by her rival, at last said: "How long, Kate, are you going to keep up that stupid farce? Why, I knew all the time how it was, even on the boat; Harry Bishop told me. Deaf and dumb, indeed!—Tom Baird deaf! What a joke! I presume, however, you regret that he is not."

"And you knew and did not tell us!" said Kate, slowly, and with deliberate scorn. "You teach me the value of your friendship, Miss Vine; you knowingly witness our mistake in order to further your own selfish ends."

She turned away proudly, passed down the long porch, and slowly away through a winding forest-path. Her self-control was superb. Yet at last, when far from the beaten track, in the heart of the woods, she seated herself on a rock, buried her face in her hands, and shook with sobs which she could no longer repress—sobs born of bitter mortification at her mistake and the notoriety which it must soon obtain. Suddenly her name was spoken, and Tom stood before her.

She sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with fire, her face queenly in its scorn.

"How dare you, sir, intrude again upon me! Again dishonorably, like a spy?"

"Miss Norman," said he, with a quiet earnestness which commanded her attention; "I stand on the brink of a cliff, it is perhaps a hundred feet down to the rocks below. A few words I must say to you, and then, unless I have won your full forgiveness, I will swear an oath"—and he spoke with dramatic intensity—"to throw myself down this precipice as some poor atonement, the only reparation left me, for my folly and for your tears."

What woman could be insensible to so much earnestness? What woman that loved? What woman could ask a man to jump a hundred feet down on jagged rocks? A handsome man, a man with a million—a man who, as he told her, loved only her, and offered to prove it by jumping any time she gave the signal.

As, at last, they walked home arm-in-arm along the shadowed, sinuous path, she said: "Tom, how dared you swear you would jump if I didn't forgive you? Would you have really jumped?"

"Oh, that's a leading question, my love," was the reply. "I probably should have jumped, for I felt thoroughly wretched at the time, and hated myself for having caused you such pain. Then, too, my dear, you may also bear in mind that I did not really swear I'd jump. I said in effect that I would swear, which is quite a different thing. Again, my dear Kate, the cliff is not quite as high as I stated in my excitement."

"You said one hundred feet, Tom—one hundred feet to the rocks below."

"Oh, did I? Well, so it doubtless is, my dear; one hundred feet to some of the lower strata, perhaps—not to the upper ones, however. One

more kiss, Kate, just one; this is really the last chance. Around the bend we will be in plain sight of the hotel."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

COUNT VON WALTERSEE.

COUNT VON WALTERSEE, who has succeeded to the head of the German military staff through the retirement of Field-marshal von Moltke, is a most ambitious man, with an equally ambitious wife. He has been practically in charge of the German Army for several years. He is the second husband of the American Mary Lea, whose romantic and distinguished career has been so often recounted of late. Count von Waltersee is not yet fifty years old. His family has been for over two hundred years prominent in Prussian and German military affairs. His grandfather was the author of the standard work on the regulations in the German Army. The count went from the school of cadets into the artillery service. As a Captain he was transferred to the staff of the General of the Army, and he distinguished himself in Berlin as a thoroughly informed and scientific officer. During the war between Germany and France he was attached to the Headquarters of the Army. After the war he was sent to Paris instead of an Ambassador, and remained there as *Chargé d'Affaires* until the expiration of the period of occupation. His successor at Paris was the celebrated Count von Arnim. He was subsequently made Commander of the Thirtieth Regiment of Lancers of Hanover. Afterwards he was promoted to the rank of General, and reattached to the general staff.

THANKSGIVING MASS AT RIO JANEIRO.

The recent promulgation of the imperial decree liberating over 600,000 slaves in the Empire of Brazil was followed at Rio Janeiro, the capital, by the imposing open-air Mass of Thanksgiving, of which we give an illustration. This took place in the Plaza de Dom Pedro I., a beautiful rural suburb, in the presence of the Princess Regent and her husband, the Court, Ministry and Diplomatic Corps, and 30,000 people, the prelate of the diocese officiating.

NINTH CENTENARY OF CHRISTIANITY IN RUSSIA.

Russia has just celebrated, with solemn pomp, the ninth centennial anniversary of the introduction of Christianity in that Empire, in the reign of Vladimir. This mighty and philosophic Czar, who figures among the saints of the Russian calendar, having been finally won by the precepts of Christianity and the magnificence of the Greek cult, was baptized, with his entire army, in the Dnieper, at Kiev. This ancient and holy city, therefore, has been the centre of the commemorative observances, one of the most impressive of which is the blessing of the River Dnieper at the place where Vladimir was baptized. The statue of this first Christian Czar, erected in 1853 on the banks of the stream, was beautifully illuminated in the evening.

A NOVELTY OF THE BRUSSELS FAIR.

It appears that Concy Island has yet something to learn in the way of devices for amusing the holiday populace. At the Brussels Exposition one may see in operation the *tonneau d'amour*, or "loving-cask," represented in our picture, which is a huge wooden tun, open at both ends, and with benches inside it to accommodate two or three couples. The passengers are securely fastened to their seats, the ladies' dresses tied down, and off rolls the great cylinder to a station some rods distant, the people inside it turning rapid somersaults, and receiving the most thrilling sensations imaginable, while the peasant folk stare in speechless wonderment at such startling "fun of the fair."

KOPPAY'S PORTRAIT OF ALFONSO XIII.

All London has been going to see Professor Koppay's portrait of the two-and-a-half-year-old King of Spain, at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. The young King is mounted upon a rocking-horse, the skin of which was once that of a live pony, and which has been stuffed and mounted in splendid style. King Alfonso sits like a "Caballero," quite at his ease on the gallant steed. His eyes are dark and bright, and his features those of a lively and intelligent child. Professor Koppay enjoys in Europe, according to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, a reputation as one of the first portrait painters in Germany. He is only thirty-one years of age, but has already painted the portraits of many of the royal personages of Europe, and members of the aristocratic families of Berlin. He is a Hungarian by birth, and was a pupil of the celebrated portrait painter Hans Canon, and of Hans Makart, at Vienna. This year he received a distinction at the Paris Salon.

HON. DAVID H. GOODELL.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IN the nomination of Hon. David H. Goodell as their candidate for Governor the Republicans of New Hampshire have recognized the claims of the business interests of the State, Mr. Goodell being a leading manufacturer at Antrim. Mr. Goodell was born in Hillsboro, and is fifty years of age. He has been a member of the Legislature, and also of the Governor's Council. He has taken a prominent part in temperance work, and is at present President of the State Temperance Union. He is an extensive farmer as well as manufacturer. The platform adopted by the nominating convention declares strongly for protection.

LABOR DAY IN NEW YORK.

THE second annual celebration of Labor Day since, at Governor Hill's recommendation, it was made by statute a legal holiday, was observed in New York city and vicinity, on Monday of last week, with a spirit and unanimity that prove it to be thoroughly established as a popular *fête*. All the municipal departments and the courts were closed, and no business was transacted in the mercantile district. The whole city was gay with flags, but the City Hall formed a striking exception to this rule of general decoration, Mayor Hewitt and the Aldermen having unaccountably "forgotten" to order the colors up. The weather being pleasant, extraordinary programmes of outdoor sports and excursions were offered for the entertainment, and this tended to lessen the turnout for the parade in the forenoon. The procession, nevertheless, numbered fully 10,000 men, forming a good representation of organized labor in this city. It was bright with banners, decorated carriages and

"floats," and gay with the music of many bands. There was no regular reviewing officer, but the stand at Union Square was crowded with ladies, who waved inspiring salutes to the various organizations as they passed. After the parade there was a grand picnic at Phoenix Park. The Veterans' Association held their fourth annual barbecue at Brommer's Union Park, on this great day. There were five thousand people present, and the sports included the mighty tug-of-war shown in one of our sketches—one side being headed by Captain Mike Crane, the other by Richard Cullen. The Crane team was dragged from its anchorage.

The Labor Day seems to have been taken up with enthusiasm, not only throughout New York State, but in other States as well, and even in Canada. Labor holiday festivities were held, simultaneously with those here, in Jersey City, Nyack, Rondout, Albany, Troy, Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Detroit, Norfolk (Va.), Baltimore, and in Montreal.

COLORED CAMPAIGNERS.

THERE are several New York houses which do a rushing business in supplying campaign outfits, warranted to transform the enthusiastic torchlight processionist, at a moment's notice, from a plain, everyday citizen into a howling "plumed knight" or a rocky "old Roman"—according to his political leanings. These gorgeous trappings are universally employed to give color, so to speak, to the campaign; and nowhere are they such an unfeeling source of pride and delight as in the colored districts. The Darktown politicians rig out their rival Falstaffian armies in uniforms before which the most pronounced lawn-tennis blazer would appear pale and unobtrusive; then, crowned with the mighty helmets of silver paper-maché, they march against each other in some "doubtful ward," to the intense excitement of the populace. It is not unheard-of for one of these panoplied Ethiopian knights to turn up at the police-court on the morning after the battle, when his woful quixotic look usually renders the judge speechless, and enlivens the sad grind of justice.

JEWISH NEW YEAR'S OBSERVANCES.

THE year 5649 of this world's history, according to the Hebrew chronology, began at sunset on Wednesday of last week, the 5th of September on the Christian calendar. The Rosh Hashana, or New Year's Day festival, is celebrated in all Jewish synagogues, whether orthodox or reformed, throughout the world, as it has been ever since the time of Moses. With the orthodox congregations, the observances last two days, and the New Year's is followed by ten days of penitence, of which period the Day of Atonement, itself an important occasion, marks the close.

Last Thursday the synagogues of New York city, as elsewhere, were thronged with Israelite devotees, who came to listen to the tenets of their fathers' faith, just as Moses preached them in the wilderness. At the splendid temple on Fifth Avenue, an immense crowd, in which the Hebrew wealth and culture of New York was fully represented, listened to an eloquent lecture from Rabbi Gottheil. Afterwards came the familiar procession of the rolls, and the striking ceremony of blowing the shofar, or ram's horn. This is a curved instrument about sixteen inches long, and rimmed with silver. It is manufactured in Europe for this special purpose, from genuine ram's horn. The significance of the blowing of the shofar involves many points of the history of the children of Israel. The reasons given by orthodox Jews are: 1. Because of the beginning of the world. 2. A proclamation to those who hear that they must repent. 3. As a reminder of the giving of the Ten Commandments to Moses. 4. As an audible warning that no man can say that he was ignorant of the day. 5. As a remembrance of the destruction of the Temple, which took place as the horns sounded. 6. To commemorate the binding of Isaac, and the ram which was sacrificed in his place. 7. As a summons; for, as Amos says: "Shall a trumpet be blown and the people remain untrifled?" 8. As a reminder of the day of judgment, when the trumpet shall wake the dead. 9. As a reminder to pray for the dead and those who are scattered afar. 10. To bring to all minds that there will surely be a resurrection of the dead and a life of eternity.

The shofar is not blown by the rabbi himself, but by the reader. The vestments and headdress worn by the elders in the orthodox synagogues are dispensed with in the advanced congregations, like that of the Temple Emanu-El.

THURMAN IN NEW YORK.

HON. ALLEN G. THURMAN, the Democratic nominee for Vice-president of the United States, arrived in New York from the West on his campaign visit, on Wednesday afternoon of last week. The Democratic National Committee had provided a fitting reception for the sturdy "Old Roman," who was driven from the Desbrosses Street Ferry to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in an open carriage drawn by four spirited horses, with an escort of other carriages containing Democratic notabilities. The veteran was accompanied by his son, Allen W. Thurman, his grandson, Allen G. Thurman, his private secretary, W. Allen Taylor, and Congressman Beriah Wilkins. He appeared somewhat fatigued and feeble physically, but his features indicated unimpaired mental freshness and vigor. A continuous series of greetings and congratulations awaited him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; but he retired early in the evening, after dining in private with Chairman Barnum and Colonel Brice.

The great fund of enthusiasm had been stored up for Thursday evening, when the public welcome of the Democrats at New York city was extended to Mr. Thurman at the Madison Square Garden; and the occasion was certainly one of which any statesman might be proud. A surging and shouting multitude completely filled Madison Square and Broadway in front of the hotel, over which the dazzling rays of the electric lights streamed with spectacular effect. It took nearly twenty minutes for the carriage bearing the "Old Roman" to proceed the four blocks to the Garden where the demonstration centred. When he arrived there he was greeted with a roar from the assemblage of nearly 15,000 persons, that packed the vast structure to overflowing. Cheers and music filled the air, and there was a volcanic display of red bandana handkerchiefs and banners.

Colonel Brice opened the meeting, and the Hon. Roswell P. Flower made a speech, after which Mr. Thurman was presented to the multitude that had gathered to do him honor. A great speech was expected of him, and the veteran was undoubtedly

fully prepared to do justice to the occasion. But at the critical moment his physical powers had failed him. During the day, indeed, symptoms of a return of his old enemy, cholera-morbus, had appeared, and it was against the advice of friends and physicians that he had insisted upon making his appearance at the meeting. He arose only to express in a few words his regret at his inability to make a speech; then he retired from the platform, and was taken back to the hotel. Addresses were afterwards made by Governor Hill, Governor Green of New Jersey, Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, the Hon. Patrick A. Collins, of Massachusetts, and others.

Mr. Thurman's indisposition happily proved to be only temporary, and it was confidently predicted that he would leave New York in as hearty a condition as he had enjoyed when he entered it. He will possibly visit the city again before the campaign is over.

OHIO'S CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

THE great exposition at Columbus, Ohio's capital city, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the first settlement at Marietta, of that great northwestern territory which now constitutes the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, was auspiciously opened on Tuesday of last week, the 4th inst. It occupies the State Fair Grounds, a magnificent park of 113 acres, which has been beautified by the erection of a number of buildings, covering thirty-five acres of land, and accommodating extensive displays in fifteen distinct departments, representing the fine arts, education, history and archaeology, agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, live stock, mining, printing and journalism, commerce and transportation, manufactures, merchandise, public service and charities, woman's work, and machinery. Pioneer crudeness and hardships and modern culture and comfort are strikingly contrasted; log cabins, constructed exactly as in the olden time, nestling beside stately structures, designed by skilled architects. Views are given, on page 76, of the Central Exposition Building, and of Machinery Hall and its surroundings, looking eastward.

The opening exercises of the Exposition were held in the Centennial Coliseum, an enormous building on the grounds, shaped like a hollow half-sphere, and fitted with seats for 12,000 persons. On the stage were ex-President Hayes, Governors Lounsbury, Brackett and Foraker, William Dean Howells, Colonel Coats Kinney, and other well-known guests and officers of the Exposition. At the back of the stage was arranged a chorus of 1,500 schoolchildren, so attired that, as they arose, they presented the appearance of the unfolding of an enormous American flag. Governor Foraker made an eloquent and patriotic speech, and Mrs. Foraker, pressing an electric button, set the great mass of machinery in motion. Wednesday was "Welcome Day," on which occasion ex-President Hayes presided, and addresses were delivered by the Hon. Frank Hurd and General William H. Gibson, the Governors or representatives of the Northwestern States making brief replies.

FAIR CADIZ.

"On approaching 'fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark-blue sea,'" writes Henry Finck, in the *Evening Post*, "it is absolutely incumbent on the tourist to take his eye away from the window and turn it inwards—to indulge in historical reminiscences and enjoy the thrills of archaic emotion. For is he not coming to a city which was founded by Hercules himself, eleven hundred years before Christ, and which is therefore half as old as the world itself, according to Hebrew legends?—a city which supplied the ancient Roman epicures and amusement-seekers with salt fish and dancing-girls; to which the ancient philosophers resorted to study the curious phenomenon of the tides, and which was long considered the end of the world."

"It seems strange that it never occurred to any one—so far as I know—to call Cadiz the Spanish Venice. Like Venice, it lies at sea—seven miles at sea; and had the inhabitants of Cadiz wished it, they might easily have had canals instead of streets, for most of the streets begin and end at the ocean. Coming straight from the ultra-Moorish Seville, with its narrow, winding streets, one finds it strange that the neighboring Cadiz, which also belonged to the Moors more than five hundred years, should have so much wider and straighter streets, and few or no patios or other Moorish characteristics. The explanation lies in the fact that almost the whole town was newly built and laid out after the English bombardment in 1596. Cadiz, being practically on an island, is much cooler than Seville—indeed, many Seville families come here to spend the Summer—so that Moorish patios are not essential for comfort, and one might say that their places are taken by the curious miradores, or turrets on the tops of the houses, whence the natives can enjoy the sea-breezes and a magnificent view at the same time. The blue of the sky and the sea is no deeper at Cadiz than at Malaga or at Marseilles, and the reason, therefore, why it is always so much emphasized in descriptions of Cadiz is because it obtrudes itself so much more vividly than elsewhere, owing to the entire absence of smoke in the air, and to the glaring white of the houses, which are constantly being whitewashed. It is difficult to understand the motive of this eternal, monotonous whitewashing in Spain. Religious fanaticism probably had something to do with it—the desire to hide and destroy the Moorish ornaments on the buildings. Or else the habit originated in the mistaken notion that because black absorbs the heat of the sun, white ought to afford a grateful relief. No doubt white is cool, but in large masses it is the most dazzling and intolerable of all hues. If snow ever fell in Southern Spain, the inhabitants might be able to infer from the phenomenon of snow-blindness that the glare of white houses is very injurious to the eyes; or, if they were better educated, the same conclusion would be forced on them by the remarkable frequency of weakness or diseases of the eye. Foreigners, too, at Cadiz, are very apt to suffer from headache, which can be readily traced to the nerves of the eye. Why not 'paint the town'—if not 'red,' at any rate a sombre blue or green? One never hears of such a thing as 'grass-blindness.' But perhaps yellow, the complementary color of the circumambient blue, would be the most poetic tint for Cadiz.

BLONDIN AND HIS PROFESSION.

CHEVALIER BLONDIN, the hero of Niagara Falls and the famous tight-rope walker who is known the world over, is a charming conversationalist. Recently, in a reminiscent talk with a *Mail and Express* reporter, he said: "Since that memorable day in September, 1860, when, in the presence of

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his suite, I made my last trip across Niagara, I have traveled through India, Australia, China, New Zealand, Java, the Philippine Islands, Siam, and every country in Europe, but in none do I consider that I have ever equaled my performance at Niagara. The novelty of the position, the uncertainty of the fastenings, inexperience of assistants, and other sources of danger, were all rendered tenfold more formidable from the fact that no human hand could extend the feeblest aid in the case of accident. Medals, decorations and testimonials, however, have also been showered upon me since that most memorable time, but none are more valued than the medal given me over a quarter of a century ago by the citizens of Niagara City. Audiences that in number have far exceeded the Niagara gathering have assembled to witness my exhibitions, but none have ever received me more cordially. At Brussels 400,000 persons witnessed my performance at the Champ de Mars, and was, perhaps, the greatest audience I ever had; but it was nothing to me compared to the multitude I met when first I crossed Niagara. The receipts of a single performance at Crystal Palace, London, once reached the enormous sum of \$20,000, but, though the largest I ever knew in connection with my own performances, they were really less valued than the purse bestowed upon me by the various hotel men at Niagara in return for my accepted perilous journeys across that foaming torrent. Concerning the alleged peril of my performances I must say a word. I have never met with an accident in all the years that I have been engaged in the profession. To others the work might be dangerous, but not to me. The one great secret of my success is temperance. Chocolate is my only stimulant, and when engaged in my professional work I partake only sparingly of this. My duties call for a code of habits no less rigid than that of the most sturdy athlete, and I regard my profession as a most respectable and a commendable one. Rope-walking is indeed an art that might even be taken up as an accomplishment by amateurs. It has been enabled by illustrious men, and as a means of giving a man confidence in himself, of developing the nerves and of helping one always to preserve his composure, it cannot be too highly commended. Ability to walk a rope would prove a most valuable aid to a man at times, as well as to one who follows it merely as a profession, and had I twenty children, they should all become experts in the line."

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Connecticut Democrats have nominated Judge Luzon B. Morris, of New Haven, as their candidate for Governor.

THE Democrats of the Erie (Pa.) district have renominated Hon. William L. Scott for Congress, in spite of his letter of declination.

IN South Carolina, J. P. Richardson and W. L. Maudlin, the present incumbents, have been renominated for Governor and Lieutenant-governor.

THE Republicans of Minnesota have nominated Mr. Wm. R. Merriam for Governor. In New Hampshire, the Democratic candidate for Governor is Hon. Charles A. Amnden.

MR. JAMES MORGAN has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Wisconsin. The Massachusetts Democrats have nominated Hon. William E. Russell, the present Mayor of Cambridge, for the gubernatorial office. In Colorado, Hon. Job A. Cooper, of Denver, is the Republican nominee for Governor.

THE Republicans carried Vermont, in the election of last week, by a plurality of nearly 27,000. In 1884, the plurality in the gubernatorial election was 22,183. The Republican gains have been general throughout the State. In the Legislature the Senate will be solidly Republican, the Democrats losing the only member of that body which they now have. The House is likewise overwhelmingly Republican, as usual. A surprising feature of the election is the small Prohibition vote, as the managers of the third party expected to secure a vote of at least 20,000. A majority of the towns show a falling off in the Prohibition vote, the aggregate not reaching 1,500.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

ACCORDING to the *Bee Journal*, there are in North America about 300,000 persons keeping bees. The annual honey product is about 100,000,000 pounds, and its value nearly \$15,000,000. The annual wax product is about 500,000 pounds, and its value more than \$100,000.

MR. AUGUSTIN-DALY and his New York comedy company last week won the proud triumph of successfully producing Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. The principal celebrities of the French dramatic world, as well as the élite of the American colony, attended the performances, and enthusiastically recalled Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. John Drew after the principal scenes.

MR. HERBERT WARD, the African explorer, met Mr. Stanley and his followers as they were setting out on their present expedition. "I never," he says, "in my life was so struck with any sight as with Stanley's caravan on the march—Egyptians, Soudanese, Somalis, Zanzibaris and others, 900 strong. It took me two hours to pass them, and then I met the second in command, Major Bartlett, a young fellow, burnt very dark, with a masher collar fixed on a flannel shirt, top-boots, etc."

THE iron posts that mark the northern boundary-line between the United States and Eastern Canada are at every cross-road that leads into Canada, and designate, as the inhabitants there say, "Line 45." They stand above the ground about three feet, and have four sides, on which appear the following inscriptions: 1. "Boundary, Aug. 9, 1842." 2. "Albert Smith, United States Commissioner." 3. "Treaty of Washington." 4. "Lieut.-Col. I. B. B. Eastcourt, H. B. M. Commissioner."

CREMATION is not always cheap in Europe, as an extraordinary occurrence related by a New York *Times* correspondent illustrates. It seems that the proposed reform of the French burial laws not yet having taken effect, cremation is still illegal in France, so Frenchmen have to go to Italy for the purpose. A Parisian who recently died was by the provisions of his will taken to Milan for cremation. The Italian customs authorities levied \$70 import duty on the body when it entered the country, and charged the same amount export duty on the ashes when taken back into France. Being challenged as to the legality of this double performance, they sagaciously replied that all laws are the same to a dead man.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MR. NEWTON, of Louisiana, has introduced a Bill in the House of Representatives to punish with fine and imprisonment all persons connected with Trusts.

THE hotel-keepers in the City of Leavenworth, Kan., threaten to close their doors, claiming that they cannot run their business profitably unless allowed to sell liquors.

THE State election in Arkansas last week resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket by an increased majority. An unusual number of negroes voted with the Democracy.

THE Buffalo International Fair was opened on Tuesday of last week with a brilliant celebration, and its success is already assured. The main hall is the largest fair building in the world.

FERDINAND DE LESSIPS read a paper at the meeting of the British Association, last week, in which he said he was confident that ten locks of the Panama Canal would be completed by 1890.

THE Parnellite Members of Parliament have refused to have any further connection with the Cork branch of the National League, on the ground that the Fenian element in it controls its action.

THE pet dog "Cozy Bell," which was recently buried in a coffin in Woodlawn Cemetery, has been disinterred and removed by its sorrowing mistress, in response to the outcry raised by owners of lots there.

THE decrease of the public debt during the month of August was \$7,324,676, and during the first two months of the fiscal year, \$11,461,974. The total debt, less the available cash items, is \$1,261,796,003.

TEN of the largest business houses on Hopkins Place, in Baltimore, were destroyed by fire on the morning of the 3d inst.; and while trying to extinguish the flames, seven firemen lost their lives and two were seriously injured.

DISPATCHES from Melbourne announce that in a test action in the Supreme Court a Chinese emigrant sued the Government for damages for prohibiting him from landing. A majority of the judges decided in favor of the plaintiff. The Chief-justice dissented.

THE Allegheny County Centennial celebration at Pittsburgh and Allegheny City will last three days—September 24th, 25th and 26th. On the first day the new Court-house in Pittsburgh (illustrated four weeks ago in these pages) will be dedicated with impressive ceremonies.

THE fire loss of the United States and Canada for August amounted to \$10,236,000; thus exceeding the loss for the same month of the preceding year by nearly \$2,000,000. The total loss for the first eight months of the present year amounted to \$88,025,320, against 85,245,600 for the same period last year.

AT the request of King Milan, the tribunal before which the matrimonial difficulties of the King and Queen Natalie were to have been brought for settlement has adjourned for three months. Queen Natalie, who is forbidden to enter Serbian territory, will probably add another interesting figure to the royalties in exile at Paris or Florence.

THE policy of extermination in Ireland goes vigorously forward. Workmen are engaged on the Clanricarde estates in leveling the houses from which the tenants have been evicted. One of the houses which have been leveled was that occupied by a farmer named Tully, who had built the house himself and spent \$1,000 in its construction.

THE annual report of the Postmaster-general will show a large increase in postal business during the past year. The number of Presidential post-offices has increased from 2,336 to 2,502, and the increase in amount paid for salaries over 1887 is \$322,500. Meanwhile the increase in receipts at the same offices has been \$3,322,826, the aggregate receipts reaching \$38,498,988.

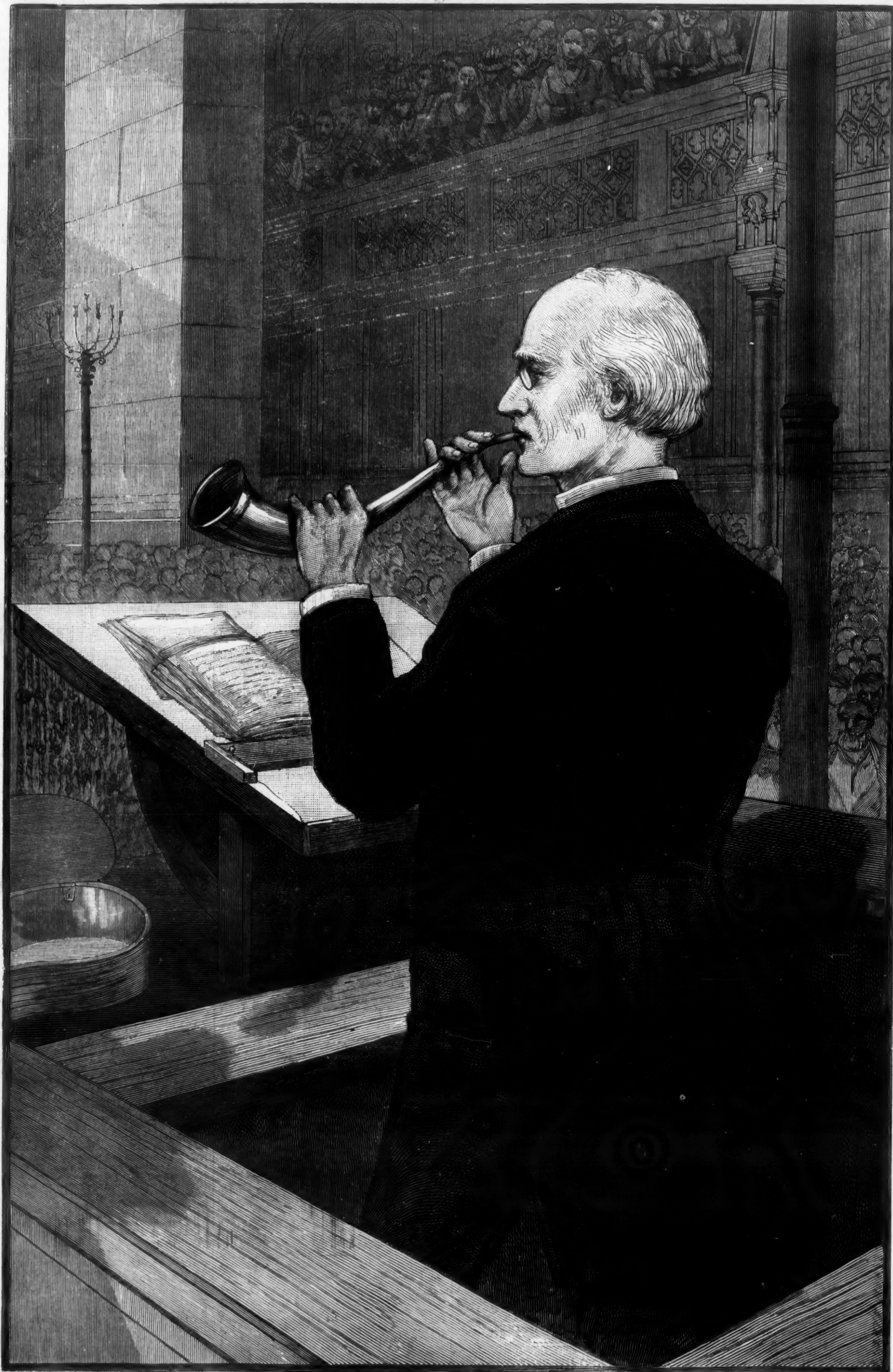
A TERRIFIC cyclone swept over Cuba on Tuesday of last week. Advances from Sagua are that fifty persons lost their lives there, while the damage done to dwellings and warehouses in the city, to vessels in the harbor and to the wharves, is very great. The village of Pueblo Nuevo, in the neighborhood of Sagua, is literally wiped out. In other localities great destruction of property is reported.

AT the Crow Creek Agency Council, on the 1st inst., the United States Commissioners succeeded in obtaining ninety-eight Indian signatures to the Sioux Treaty, the signers being mostly younger members of the tribe. White Ghost and other old chiefs held back. No more councils will be held, but the Commissioners are visiting the Indians individually and endeavoring to secure their signatures.

THE banana is now to be "Trusted." A fortnight ago a circular was sent to all the fruit men in the country calling them to a secret conference in New Orleans. It was signed by six of the largest fruit houses in that city. There a Trust was formed, representing the combined capital of \$19,000,000. It will purchase the entire offerings of tropical steamers. Six million dollars have been advanced by London capitalists to build railroads in Honduras and elsewhere, so as to concentrate the fruit market at certain selected shipping points.

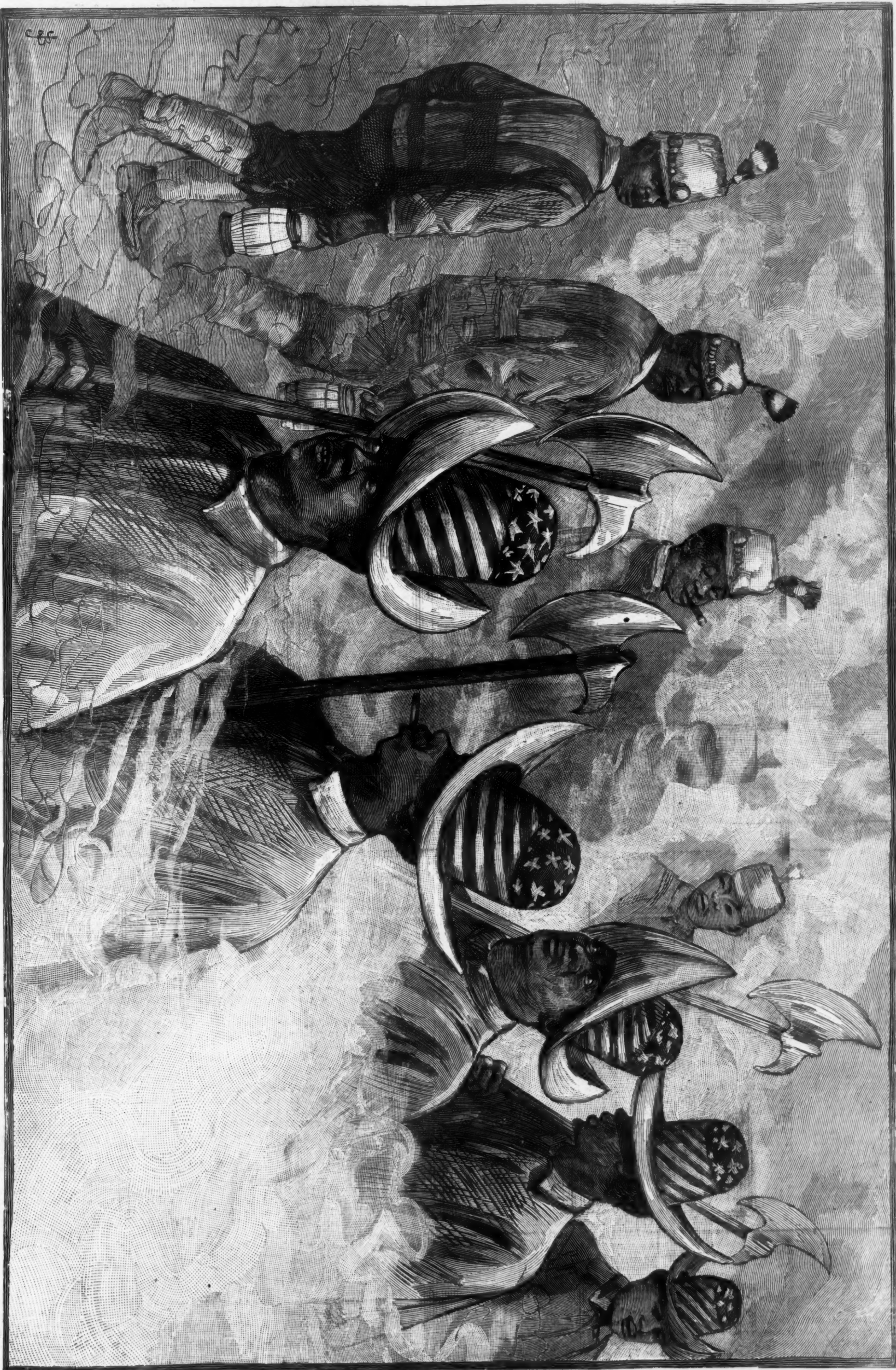
ANOTHER Bill for the suppression of Trusts has been introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Cullom. It proposes the seizure and forfeiture of all shares of stock and all property used in furtherance of the purposes of a Trust, and contains a new feature, in a provision that in any action at law or suit in equity in the United States courts, the fact that any person interested in the prosecution of the case is a member or agent of a Trust, or that the cause of action grows out of some transaction of a Trust, may be pleaded in bar or in abatement.

JACKSONVILLE is in a sad plight from the increasing severity of the yellow-fever scourge, and on Wednesday of last week a touching appeal for aid was issued, addressed by the authorized representatives of the stricken city to "our friends and fellow-citizens of the United States." The bulletin for the same day showed the following fearful record: New cases, 46; deaths, 10; total number of cases to date, 434; total number of deaths to date, 52. The work of canvassing preparatory to depopulating the city has been officially begun, and Camp Perry has been greatly enlarged. Some generous responses have already been made to the appeal for help. Contributions may be forwarded direct to Jacksonville in care of James M. Schumacher, President of the First National Bank and Chairman of the Finance Committee. Mayor Hewitt is receiving and forwarding New York contributions.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CELEBRATION OF THE JEWISH NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL, RASH HASHANA—BLOWING THE SHOFAR, OR RAL'S HORN.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 71.



THE HUMORS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS AT THE SOUTH—RIVAL POLITICAL ORGANIZATIONS COUNTERMARCHING.
FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 71.

For Dayber's Echo:

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

It was a handsomely furnished room that the gentleman entered. Everything spoke of wealth, of comfort and of good taste. From the fire in the grate to the pictures on the walls, everything in the room was calculated to attract the eye and please the beholder. The handsome lady who came forward to meet the gentleman who had just entered this dainty room was faultlessly dressed, and took her place naturally as a most pleasing part of the perfect home picture the place presented. Something in her face—some trace of latent strength, perhaps, or some lines which hinted at long and varied experiences—said to the close observer that this beautiful woman had reached almost middle age. But the casual or the careless would have failed to see that; he would have seen her noble brow, her creamy complexion and her ruby lips; he would have seen her wonderful wealth of hair; he would have seen her glorious eyes and her classic chin; he would have admired her marvelously perfect form; he would have seen that she was lovely; he would have said that she was young.

And she seemed to fill out and complete the picture the room made—the picture which had only one thing to mar its perfection—the picture which was beyond criticism—until the man came in!

"So you've come at last, have you?" said the lady.

Her voice was quick and imperious, and a trifle harsh, but her smile seemed as perfect as ever.

"I came at—" began the man. But she interrupted him.

"At last, I said it, and I meant it. If you said 'At once,' you would lie to me. So don't say it."

"How—why—"

The lady laughed.

"I saw you on the street," she replied, airily.

"When?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Where—how—"

"No matter. I saw you. You've never delayed like this before. At least, I think you never have. What kept you so long—after you reached New York, I mean?"

"Business!" said the man, shortly.

The lady laughed again.

"Business," she exclaimed; "business; always business. I've heard of that plea being used to deceive weak women with. You've never dared try it on me before. I'm a woman; I'm unfortunate enough to be a woman. But you're a fool if you think I'm a weak one. You should know me better than that by this time. Business indeed! Bah! Now, really, what kept you?"

"I—well—you see—"

"I see nothing. I mean to see nothing, until you are ready to tell me the truth. I'll tell you what I saw, though, and she laughed maliciously, "and not so very long ago, either. I saw a man who looked and acted as though he felt afraid to enter his own house—ha! ha! ha!"

"Well—but—"

"Afraid to be seen coming to call upon his own wife—ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes—but—"

"And I never guessed, before, that you were afraid of anything—"

"Except—"

"Except me. Of course. 'Present company always excepted!'—ha! ha! ha!"

"My dear, can you be serious a minute?"

"I can try."

"Please do, then."

"I will."

"Thank you, I—"

"But I must have my own way. I can be a very serious talker; I think you know that. But a serious listener? Ah! that's a different matter!"

"I suppose so," said the man, resignedly, drawing his chair nearer the fire, and leaning over it in a dejected attitude; "I suppose so. Very well. You may talk first. Maybe I can interest even you—after a while."

"Possibly."

"So I'm silent. What have you to say first?"

For answer she walked gracefully to his side. She laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder. She tightened her grasp a little, as he first looked up, wondering, and then rose to his feet. He was thinking—thinking of many things; amongst others, of how strong her soft white hands were, and of how much her slender and shapely nails reminded him of hooks of steel. And he—he had been letting this woman lead him, with those deceptively strong hands, and that grasp of paradoxical weakness, for more years than he cared to ponder over and inventory the contents of "until some more convenient season."

She led him across the room. She raised a silken curtain which hung in front of a mirror which reached from the floor to the ceiling. She set him face to face with himself, reflected from the perfect surface of the costly glass.

"I have to say, first," she said, and there were some tones in her voice which he did not understand, and which he trembled at, "that I should have hardly known you, you are so changed."

She did not ask him why he had so changed. She did not censure him. Nor did she offer him sympathy. She simply stood there, by his side—or a step or two behind him, her grand beauty forming a brilliant background for the pallor and wretchedness of his face, his stooping posture and his shifting gaze. It was a wonderful contrast—and a terrible one.

She did not ask him if he saw the change for himself. There was no need of that. She only stood, smiling, and watched him. His gesture of amazement and his look of horror were more eloquent than any answer he could have put in words to any question she might have asked.

She had said she would have hardly known him. Well, he scarcely knew himself. And he shook at the thought of it, in a very agony of terror.

As for us, we should find it difficult, perhaps, to recognize this gentleman, though we have had the honor of meeting him not long since. As for the lady, we have never met her until this morning, though we have heard something of her.

So I will let you become acquainted with these two important individuals in due form.

Kind reader, Dr. Peter Pillah! Gentle reader, Mrs. Peter Pillah, *née* Della Dayber! She seems to carry a dead man's curse as easily as she carries her years, doesn't she?"

"I am—changed—" gasps the pallid man.

"Yes, you are. That is all. Go and sit down again."

The man obeys, and his attitude is one of more complete dejection than it was before.

"I—I suppose you wonder what has done it?" the doctor asks, after he had waited vainly for her to continue the conversation.

"Naturally enough, I do."

"And you are going to ask me about it?"

"Unnaturally, perhaps, I am not. You will tell me what you choose, and when you choose."

"I shall tell you all, of course."

"Of course."

"As I always have, about everything. You know I have always done that, don't you, dear?"

"No, But I've usually guessed at what you haven't told me. And—Why, Peter, don't shake so. Draw your chair nearer the fire. Your nerves seem unstrung this morning. I don't find the room chilly. Do you?"

The doctor did draw his chair nearer the fire. But he did not cease shaking. And he did not answer his wife's question.

So she soon reminded him of his silence.

"You said you would tell me all," she said.

"Yes. Shall I tell you now?"

"If you please."

"I will, then; I think I've been followed here, by some one; I think I've been tracked to the city; I think I've been dogged ever since I've been here, in spite of all my efforts to elude pursuit; I think some one watched me when I came in here this morning."

"Indeed? And you are frightened?"

"I am uneasy and worried."

"Why? I wonder you are not glad."

"I—I had—not—thought—of—that!"

"No, my love, I think you never had. If you had, some one would have tracked you home long ago!"

"You—you mean—do you dare to mean that—"

"I dare to mean anything, Dr. Pillah! I should hope I had not been your wife for twenty years without your discovering that. And still—I do not really think, seriously and candidly, that you would ever have dared try to impose upon me by some pretended discovery of our secret."

"Certainly not. While it is a secret, I shall be as eager to keep it as you are; but—"

"And I know, by your looks and your actions, that you are genuinely alarmed. I am certain you fear some one followed you home this morning. I am sure you are frightened because of it. How far do you think you were followed?"

"All the way from home."

"Ha! ha! ha! What a language ours is! How marvelous the fact that it provides for all the secrets and all the sins of the great race that uses it. You were followed home, all the way from home!—ha! ha! ha!"

"Della, dear, you promised to be serious."

"Pardon me, Peter—I promised to try to be."

"Well, with a woman of your will-power the two things mean the same."

"You flatter me."

"Not at all. But seriously, Della, why is not this a good time to end this secrecy and concealment, and avow the truth to the world? It is an anomaly for a man to have two homes. In one I am a bachelor, and poor, and—"

"Ha! ha! ha! How lucky for the fair ladies to whom you minister, when they eat too much or exercise too little."

"Confound you; try to be decently respectful to one who works as hard for you as I do. In the second home, this one, I—I am poor too, for all I can earn, beyond the honest necessities of life for myself, must go to keep you in this splendid idleness."

"Exactly. But you told me, not once, but many times, that you would make any sacrifice for me. You meant it, did you not?"

"You know I meant it, Della Pillah. You know I love you devotedly. And all I ask is that you let the world—our world—the world which knows me and has not yet forgotten you—know that we are man and wife. All I ask is that you consent to my selling this place, while you come to the other home, my home, to make it blessed."

"Peter Pillah, when I ran away from Dayber's Lane, leaving the scandal-loving gossips there to make as free with my name as they possibly could when they did not know what other name to couple with it in their hints of shame, I told you one thing. I bade you remember it. I have taken care that you have not forgotten it. Be sure I have not forgotten it myself. I let those who had had benefits from my hands, those who should have loved me and shielded me, drag my name in the dust at their pleasure. Why? Was it because there was any reason for it? Was it because I was humble? No. It was because I was proud! I had had a dream of power and grandeur—from my earliest girlhood. You promised to make my dream a reality. You did not tell me how you would do it, and I did not care. You have also

repeated your promise again and again. I have never asked you for your plans. I shall never be foolish enough—or wise enough—to ask you. But, until you redeem that promise, things here cannot change. You are welcome here—always. I am always glad to meet you here, whether you remain an hour, a day or a week. And I shall give you hearty welcome when you come, if you ever do, saying that you are not going away again."

"But, Della, you know that my residence near the little town of Dayber's Lane has been because of that very promise to you. You know that I risk all—and imperil final success—if I leave there for long at a time."

"Success seems long in coming."

"Yes."

"And—and must cost something."

"Undoubtedly. But it will be all the sweeter when it does come. I must continue to live at Dayber's Lane."

"Then you must continue to have two homes. I will never, never return to Dayber's Lane until your promise and the dream of my girlhood find fruition in fact. I will never return to Dayber's Lane until I go as owner and mistress of Dayber's Echo."

"But, Della, my dear, I love—"

"Yes."

"And do you not love me?"

"I've said so, have I not, many, many times?"

"Yes."

"Then that must satisfy you. I shall not change my plans."

"No. But some one may change them for you. Our well-kept secret may—"

"Bah! Are you trying to frighten me? It is true our secret may be found out. It is true the whole world—your world and mine—may know that we are man and wife, and that we have been for more years than I have been absent from Dayber's Lane. It is true that all the gossips there may enjoy the pleasure of discussing the wisdom or the unwisdom of a runaway romance that happened before some of them were born. What of it? I shall not return to Dayber's Lane except upon the conditions which I have repeatedly mentioned."

"But it will be very hard to explain matters, in your absence, if the fact of our marriage becomes known."

"I don't doubt that. But that doesn't concern me in the least. You may bear the hardship, if some talkative fellow ferrets us out, in payment for your carelessness in permitting discovery. By the way, what particular object had the man who, as you think, followed us here?"

"I—I don't know. I could make a better guess if I knew who he was."

"You surely know who he is, or think you do?"

"On the contrary, I haven't the slightest idea. Have you seen any one about here, say, in the last day or two, whose actions were such as to excite suspicion?"

"No one, I think. And what would it matter if I had, since you did not come here, nor near here, until this morning?"

"But you saw me on the street?"

"Yes."

"Day before yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And perhaps made some movement, as though to come to me, or to speak to me?"

"Yes, I did. Now that you speak of it, I remember that I started to cross the street to you."

"And lost me in the crowd?"

Mrs. Pillah smiled.

"No," she said, quietly; "I changed my mind and went back."

"And were possibly followed home?"

"Possibly—but—"

"Well?"

"But would a man who was following you here leave you to track me home?"

"He might, especially if he felt certain that I was the one to whom you were about to speak. Besides, there may have been two of them. So, if you have seen any one, and—"

"It's a foolish thing to say, I suppose, in a great city like this, where thousands of strangers may pass one's door in a day, or brush against one on sidewalks and street-crossings; but there was a man—"

"Yes," said the doctor, breathlessly.

"Who passed here yesterday, slowly, twice."

"Yes; describe him."

"He—was—tall. I—I think he was tall; I really am not sure. He gave me that impression."

"Well, my dear, that don't count for anything. Negatives won't do. What are you sure of about him?"

"That he was the leanest, gauntest, hungriest-looking man I ever saw. He made me think of a wolf."

"And his face?"

"That made me think of a wolf too."

"Because—because—"

"Partly because that was hungry-looking too. But mostly because of its awful hideousness. There was a long, livid scar, running from his forehead to his chin, and—"

But a sudden cry from her husband started her to a sideboard for a glass of wine for him. He surely seemed to need it. He came near fainting. And Mrs. Pillah, quite frightened out of her usual manner, could only look the question she didn't find voice to ask.

"I—I knew such a man as that once, a long time ago," he said, brokenly, "and it seems incredible that God ever created two like him."

"He might be tracking you?"

"I—I suppose—Yes, he might, if—if—"

"Well—if what?"

"If he were alive. But he isn't. He's dead. I saw him buried. Indeed, I helped to put the earth into his grave. So you see—"

"Where was that?"

"Where? Why, in California—er—er—that is—"

"In California? Were you ever there?"

"Yes," sullenly and doggedly.

"When? Why?"

"You can guess both, I think. To try and find a way to keep my promise to you."

"But you told me, then, that you sent."

"I lied to you. I went."

"Exactly. Exactly, Peter Pillah. And why were you not frank with me? You went; I always thought you did! Why would this man follow you home, if he were alive?"

But her husband made her no answer. He only bent lower over the fire, and shuddered.

"How is the sick man doing?" asked Mrs. Pillah, suddenly. The doctor looked up quickly, apparently amazed and almost alarmed.

"The—the sick man?" he stammered. "Have I not told you? I came here on purpose to tell you."

"Perhaps you did. If so, you've surely let something or somebody frighten it out of your head. What is there to tell?"

"He's dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead; dead and buried."

The woman came running to her husband. She knelt down beside him, rested her hands upon his knees, and looked archly up into his face. How beautiful she was! How much more than an angel she looked! And then;

"I am so glad—so glad," she cried, happily; "you bad, bad boy, to have teased and tortured me so. Dead, is he? And you have come to say that Dayber's Echo is mine? Dead? I am glad—so very glad!"

"And yet—you loved him?" questioned the man, bitterly.

"I've said so—have—I—not—many, many times?" was her answer. Her words jarred upon him. Some way they seemed familiar to him. In them he seemed to have lost something of the proud sense of ownership he had felt as he looked down upon the peerless woman kneeling at his feet. She was near him, very near. He need have stooped but little, to have reached her ripe lips. She bore his name. She had been his wife for many long years. And yet, suddenly, he seemed to realize the awful distance which lay between them—a distance so great that only the possession of the estate on which the girl's years of this early-orphaned woman had been passed could ever bridge the present gulf between them, even if that could.

"I've said so—have—I—not—many, many times?" He knew her words were an echo, an echo of something she had said of him—some time—though he could not tell, so dazed and broken were his mental powers, whether she had said it this morning, or long, long years ago. An echo! an echo! Something thrown back from the utter falsity of her heart and the desperate treachery of her soul. The shadow of Dayber's Echo seemed to fall across his heart; for the first time in more than a score of years he felt a chilling doubt regarding his final success; for the first time in all his life he doubted whether a final and entire success, when it came, if it ever did come, would be worth all it would have cost.

"Come, come," she cried, "show me the proofs. Did he deed the estate to me? Or did he leave it by will? Let me see the documents. I could cry for joy. He—he must have loved me. All men are fools!"

"All men?"

"All but you. You are wise and clever and—Well, in this world, perhaps that is enough. Show me—"

Her husband reached down and took her head between his broad palms. He made her look fixedly up into his haggard face. "Do I look like a man who is playing with a woman's emotions?" he demanded, hoarsely. "Do I look like the messenger of good news?"

A half-stifled sob broke from the lips of Della Pillah. "No—no!" she moaned. "And—and—have you—"

"I have failed—failed," he said, sullenly. "I have lost Dayber's Echo for you, and for the third time."

"The—third—time? I do not understand."

"The third time. Once was when your uncle, Lionel's father, died. I—"

"Do you know I doubt you? Do you know I always think you lied to me about that? And the price you demanded—the price I paid—was a terrible one. If you did lie—"

"A terrible price, a terrible one," said the man, musingly, and almost too low for her to hear his words; "I sometimes think it was! Della Dayber's hand in secret marriage, before I would so much as try. Her heart—her heart—Bah! She has no heart! She never had any!"

"What are you muttering about?" interrupted the woman, shrilly. "If you lied—"

"I did not lie. The price is—was— But no matter. I told you the truth. My influence with the old man was unbounded. His sons had made failures of their lives—most of them. They were dead—most of them. You had brightened his home. You had cheered his life. He was not only ready, he was actually anxious, to make you a wealthy woman. And my powers of sophistry would have cleared—had cleared—your road to success of any obstacles which his sensitive conscience and his fine sense of honor found in his way. He would have given you Dayber's Echo, Della, if it had been his to give. He told me so, and he meant it. I will swear this is true. But his son Lionel had saved it from a mortgage sale—a secret arrangement about which we had none of us been permitted to hear. Lionel held the title. And I neither knew nor guessed that such a thing was even possible until the old man was within an hour of his death. If—I—had—"

"Well?"

"No matter. It's too late for regrets now."

"I don't think you ever had any. You knew I

would never have married you if I had known that Lionel owned Dayber's Echo. But you are right. Let the regrets stay in their graves. Tell me all about the second time."

"Again?"
"Yes, again and again."
"It was when I sent—"
"Went—"
"Yes; when I went to California."
"I never quite understood all that."
"You never will, while I have my senses."
"I thought there was some sort of document, a will, or—something."
"There was."
"Something that could be used—after his death."

"Yes—if one cared to take the risk."
"And that you were brave enough to use it."
"Brave enough. You needn't doubt that. But I had rather have a new will. Everything would be more natural and direct—besides being safer."
"And you thought—"
"I thought his love for you would blaze up in brightness when he came face to face with death. I counted fully on that—at first."

"And then?"
He told her how the property had been divided: the money and its more immediate representatives to Nathan and to Lionel in equal shares, while Nathan, being a married man, and with children to inherit his property after him, took Dayber's Echo. He told her of the strange conditions imposed. "I thought for a little time," he said, "that he would make you his heir after Nathan and Lionel, in the event of the madness which he so much dreaded coming to him."

"And why was that worth hoping?"
"Because," and he leaned over to whisper his answer in her ear, "one or the other of them would have gone mad!"

"You—you mean—"
"I mean that one or the other of them would have been pronounced insane. This is an age in which money and determination can be made to prove anything."

"But—he—he was mad himself?"
"He was not mad. It is barely possible, of course, that we could prove he was. I debated that question with myself as he lay dying. But he was perfectly sane."

"We must contest his will."
"Why? You would not be his legal heir. Why would you try to break his will, when doing so would do no good?"

"We could use the other—other—document!"
"Never! It is quite out of the question. It is utterly impossible. Never suggest such a thing as that again. With no new will to be set aside to make place for it, I might have tried that. But now—"

"Could you not have prevented his signing the new will?"
"I—I tried. If it had not been for Mr. Bond, I should have succeeded!"

"Well, what do you propose to do next?"
"I don't know. I must think. I confess I see no light at present."

"Peter Pillah, you know I've lived all my life in the firm resolve that I would own Dayber's Echo?"
"Yes; I know that."

"Do you know that if you fail to win it for me I shall let some other man try his skill who will?"
"I—suppose—so."

"Even if he has the lean body of a wolf, and—"
"Stop! God knows I'll do anything for you."
"And for Dayber's Echo?"
"And for Dayber's Echo."

"Very well. Get to work, then. What sort of a school is Valley Park Academy?"
"I don't know."

"Where is it?"
"I've forgotten."

"Is it an endowed institution? A semi-public affair? Or is it a piece of private property?"
"I—I hadn't thought of that."

"Very likely not. Think of it now, then. Only do not think too long. Remember that thought counts little; they win who act."

"Yes. Who knows that better than I?"
"I hope no one does. And now, I have an engagement with my dressmaker—an engagement which must be kept. You should be thankful, Peter, dear, that your sex makes it possible for you to work for more important objects in life. You had an object, in your youngest manhood?"

"I had two."
"Two?"

"Yes; I said I would have Dayber's Echo—and you!"

She stooped over and kissed him lightly on the forehead. She turned and tripped gracefully to the door. She stopped there only long enough to glance saucily over her shoulder, saying, airily: "And you have me!" The door closed behind her. She was gone.

The man settled deeper into the easy-chair in which he sat. His elbows rested upon his knees. His face was buried in his broad palms. He groaned aloud. "Yes," he muttered, wearily, to himself; "yes, God help me, I have you!"
(To be continued.)

THE SIOUX CITY CORN PALACE.

SIOUX CITY, September 1st.

THEY call it the eighth wonder of the world—the Sioux City Corn Palace—and there is no question but that it is a marvel in its way; or, as President Cleveland remarked when he saw that of last year: "Well, here is something new at last." Chauncey M. Depew said: "I have been all over the world, and have seen the principal natural and unnatural curiosities, but I never before saw a Corn Palace." The Palace for this year is not yet in complete form, but will be in a few days; and when the last finishing touch has been put upon it, Sioux City will have a structure the like of which was never before seen by man, for although

the attempt of 1887 was considered a real wonder, a great success, yet the one now in process of construction will greatly surpass it, not only in its proportions, but in real palatial design. The architect who planned it, Mr. Loft, must have had a lofty ideal in his mind to work from, for he produced a model wonderfully adapted to exhibit the beauty and grandeur of corn when used for decorative purposes. The idea was to produce a temple that would at once proclaim the richness of the earth and the skill of man, and at the same time fasten upon the mind of the public the supremacy of Sioux City as the seat of empire for King Corn; and all who saw the Palace of last year, and those who may see that of the present season, will acknowledge that the prize has been captured. The idea is absolutely original. No other Corn Palace was ever built until the effort of last year, and whatever of glory belongs to such an achievement is due to Sioux City. There were a hundred thousand visitors last year, but a greater number is looked for at the present exhibition.

There could not be a more unique recognition of the eminence and importance of any local product of the earth than a Corn Palace. St. Paul achieved fame by a similar structure built of ice, destined to dissolution by the rays of the sun—a palace that was due solely to the atmosphere, that was an emblem of nothing but Winter; while that of Sioux City represents one of the most prolific productions of the earth, as well as one of the greatest sources of wealth given to man.

The Palace will open September 24th and close October 6th. It will be a national event, and will occur at a season of the year when the harvests have been gathered, and when all nature seems to invite such a concourse to what might be regarded as a jubilee over the benefactions of an all-wise Providence.

There is no city on the continent which is really entitled to such a palace and to such a festival more than this. It lies in one of the grandest valleys in the world, and where the soil appears to be specially adapted to the production of corn. I came here over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and for a hundred miles east of here, as far as the eye could see, on either side of the track, there were fields of waving corn that seemed to be endless in extent, and I am assured that it is the same on all the roads leading out from here. Milwaukee may be noted for its beer, Chicago for its wheat, Omaha for its cattle and hogs, and Peoria for its whisky, but Sioux City will for ever be known for its Corn Palace, and as being in the centre of the greatest corn belt in the world.

The enthusiasm of the people of this city over this enterprise is something phenomenal. It exists in the form of an epidemic. Every one you meet is full of it, and to say that they are proud of it is putting it in too mild a form. They are in an ecstasy of delight. They regard it as the star that has risen to lead the city on to fame and fortune, and to place it alongside of Kansas City, Omaha and St. Paul in commercial importance; and it may be that it will. They claim to have the largest packing-houses, as well as the largest banking capital and the most extensive banking institutions, in the State. They claim to have outgrown Des Moines, Davenport, Burlington, Muscatine and Dubuque, and that they possess more of the real elements of wealth and prosperity than all of them combined. They also claim more liberal, public-spirited men, according to population, than any city in the United States; but as to the exactness of the claim, I have no means of knowing. Certain it is, however, that there is a vigorous, pushing population here, that is determined to make the most of its advantages. But there is one point upon which I have the most decided convictions, and I speak as one who draws his conclusion from experience, and that is, that there is not a hotel in Iowa to be compared to the leading one in this city. I mean in elegance and comfort. JOHN H. PATTERSON.

AUTUMN RACING.

IT is the races at Sheephead Bay that crowd the Coney Island trains and boats nowadays. The Autumn meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club enjoyed a "boom" almost at the very outset, for the great Futurity race was run on the second day (Labor Day), and surpassed all expectations as a gala occasion. This richest two-year-old race ever run (\$40,000) was won in fine style by Sam Bryant's Proctor Knott, ridden by the colored jockey Barnes, over the new straight three-quarter-mile track. It was a contest lacking none of the elements of a great race, and the amount of enthusiasm which it aroused was commensurate with its importance. The subsequent races have been interesting and well attended. To-day (Wednesday, the 12th inst.) the Speed Stakes is on. The keen Autumn air, the leaves just beginning to turn, the scent of the salt sea, the excitement, gaiety and humor of the crowds, unite to make Sheephead Bay an undeniably seductive place, at this season of the year.

PADRONE LABOR IN THE COAL MINES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Record says that the padrone has done his work well in the anthracite coal region. Even including the miners, strictly speaking, one-third of the workmen in and about the mines are foreigners. The skilled American miner is being driven from his pick by a competition which he cannot meet, and but two-thirds of the anthracite coal-miners are Americans. Wages have been reduced fifty per cent. Cheaper labor has not, however, brought cheaper coal, for prices are higher to-day at tide-water than they were when the miners' wages were double those paid now.

There are now at various places, or near the coal regions where specially extensive work of dirt-digging is going on, hundreds of men who have been hired out by New York padrones on the installment plan, with the privilege of furnishing them to all of their supplies and housing them in shanties and barns. In Susquehanna there are 300 or 400 of these people farmed out. They are working on a railroad at about \$1.10 a day or less, out of which at the end of the contract the agent of the New York Banca Italiana takes their car-fare, the banker's commission, their lodging and the supply bill, which is about whatever the sutler chooses to make it. There are other such gangs near Shenandoah, and at other points, with an aggregate of thousands of new immigrants, who, as soon as their work at those places is finished, unless their masters, the New York bankers, can shift them to another contract job, will drift, as thousands of others have drifted, into the coal regions. As to the way in which the Italians live, the writer says: "A visit to Italy—a settlement of Italian laborers who do work about the breakers at Minersville—would convince even the most skeptical

that competition with a people who can live contentedly in such hovels is utterly out of the question. These homes—for homes they are, and occupied by families who at least appear to be cheerful—are mere sheds, built of rough boards and odds and ends of small planking not bigger than the slaps from the top of a drygoods-box, and affording no more protection from the weather. Some of them are built of poles and small trees cut from the mountain-sides. But none of these houses are much higher than a patrol-box, and with few exceptions contain but one room. One would hesitate almost to take shelter in them from a storm, fearing that an unusually strong blast would blow them over into the great gaping coal-pit near which they have been erected. There are about twenty of these sheds in one group, and here dwell about 100 Italians.

"Slightly better than these are the two-story board houses of the miners at Hazleton, but a camp-meeting tent would appear a palace by comparison. Are there no better houses in the coal regions? Certainly; but the best of them, outside the large towns like Hazleton, are but rough frame buildings. These for the most part are occupied by Hungarians, Poles and Italians who work in the mines, but with here and there an American family. The Hungarians live in these in swarms, and instances of thirty men occupying a two-story house with three rooms are not infrequent. When there are women in these swarms, they occupy often the same room with the men, and the morality of such a state of affairs may be better imagined than described. Stories of the most revolting character are related—too disgusting to be referred to, were it not to show to what a condition the injection of the cheap labor from Castle Garden has brought the anthracite coal region of tariff-protected Pennsylvania."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Berlin Academy has granted to Dr. R. von Lendenfeld the sum of 1,000 marks to aid him in investigating the physiological functions (chiefly the digestion) of sponges.

MR. BEN TEAL, the well-known theatrical stage-manager, has invented a new scenic appliance for the stage—a setting sun changing to a rising moon. He has applied for a patent.

CEDAR-WOOD pulp is now made into a paper for underlaying carpets, wrapping up wool, etc., as a preservative against moths. The wood used is the heretofore wasted chips of the pencil manufactory.

THE remains of several prehistoric canoes have been found at the bottom of some lakes drained off in uplands in Central Sweden. They were made by the hollowing out of trunks of trees by fire. One had evidently been sunk on purpose, being full of large stones.

THE European Union of Astronomers announced to Harvard Observatory, recently, that news had been received from the Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, in South Africa, of the first observation there, on Friday evening, August 3d, of the celebrated Encke's comet, one of the most interesting objects of its class in the history of astronomy. It is now seventy years since this comet was first observed, and it may be said to have come of age, as it has made just twenty-one appearances.

THE time of day in France is at present reckoned on three different systems—Paris time, decided by the Observatory; local time, which varies 47 min. 15 sec. between East and West; and railway time, which is five minutes behind Paris. From May 1st next, however, one uniform time will be observed throughout France—*l'heure nationale*—reckoned on the Paris meridian. At frontier towns there will be two clocks, showing respectively the time according to Paris and the neighboring country.

THE military microphone is now being tried in France, not only to give warning to the passage of troops from afar, but to indicate the different branches of the army in movement, and to furnish an approximate idea of the numbers of men and horses on the advance. It consists of a sounding-plate buried in the soil across and along any route, and connected by a long wire-conductor to the receiving-disk of the apparatus in position, which has the necessary arrangements for making the sounds louder and readily distinguishable.

"ENGINEERING" describes an English invention designed to enable the wearer to breathe and work in comfort in dense smoke and poisonous gases. The appliance consists of a respirator with an india-rubber mouth-piece. The respirator is held by two projections, which are grasped between the teeth and a flange, which lies between the teeth and the lips, additional security being provided by an elastic band passing round the head. The air is drawn in by the wearer through a series of small filters, containing respectively wet sponge, cotton wool, cotton-wool damped with glycerine, and animal charcoal. These filters are very lightly packed, so that there is no resistance to the act of inspiration, and they are provided with valves which direct the air expired from the lungs into the external atmosphere. The entire apparatus weighs less than a pound, and can be used without previous practice. . . . Protection is afforded to the eyes by a pair of spectacles with india-rubber rims, which press tightly on the cheek and brow, and exclude all smoke. Mechanical wipers are added, to enable the glasses to be cleaned without removal.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 3d.—At Narragansett, R. I., Thomas F. Jeremiah, President of the Pacific Fire Insurance Company. September 4th.—In Hartford, Conn., ex-State Treasurer Lucius J. Hendee, aged 70 years. September 5th.—At Eastern Point, Conn., Colonel George L. Perkins, of Norwich, aged 100 years; in New Brunswick, N. J., Charles Lee Mather, aged 78 years; in Hamburg, Germany, Captain H. F. Schwensen, of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, aged 68 years; in Wytheville, Va., General William Terry, commander of the famous Confederate "Stonewall Brigade," aged 64 years. September 6th.—In St. Louis, Mo., Colonel E. G. W. Butler, who was the oldest living graduate of West Point, aged 89 years; in Stamford, Conn., Lester Wallack, the famous actor and theatrical manager, aged 69 years; in Providence, Conn., Gorham Thurber, of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, aged 64 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Charles B. Tatham, aged 78 years. September 7th.—In Saratoga, N. Y., William Turnbull, of New York, aged 68 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. John A. E. Walls, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Hospital; in Salt Lake City, Utah, General Horace S. Eldridge, Superintendent of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, aged 72 years; in Illinois, Judge Cornelius Lynde, the well-known banker.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Czar and Czarina have started upon a two-months tour of Southern Russia.

GENERAL SALOMON, the deposed Haytien President, is in Paris. He appears ill and worn.

THE President has nominated Charles E. Boyle, of Pennsylvania, to be Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Washington.

LORD WOLSELEY is lucky. Queen Victoria has just presented to him for his lifetime the house and grounds of the Ranger of Greenwich Park.

GENERAL BUTLER in a recent speech denounced the Mills Bill, and argued that a protective policy is in every way best for the interests of the country.

JAY GOULD has become a grandfather once more. The little stranger, the son of George and Edith Kingdon Gould, will be called after the great financier.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL is still confined to his room, but busies himself there as if he were still in harness at Washington. He reads all the newspapers and writes a great many letters.

CONGRESS has finally ended the long contest as to who is entitled to the honor of having invented the lifeboat and kindred life-saving appliances by conferring the honor upon the venerable Joseph Francis, to whom a gold medal is to be presented "in recognition of his long services to humanity and to his country."

A LADY with whom the venerable *savant* M. Chevreul, now in his 103d year, was exchanging small-talk in a drawing-room recently, complimented him on his extreme juvenility. "You are too good, madame," replied M. Chevreul, "but I feel I am going down the hill. What would I not give to be eighty again!"

LITTLE JOSEF HOFFMANN, the pianist, has been studying and growing stout in Germany, and his return next year will be eagerly looked forward to by lovers of the phenomenal in music. Those stories about wealthy people who were anxious to devote a hundred thousand dollars to the boy's musical education, philanthropists who were bound to prevent his playing at any cost, etc., turn out to have been mostly pure invention.

ALONZO STAGG, the phenomenal pitcher of the Yale College Baseball Club, and who was graduated with honor last commencement, has refused an offer of \$5,000 a year to join a professional club. He is determined to be a preacher, and next year he will go to a theological seminary and prepare himself for the Christian ministry. He is of medium height, well built, with well and symmetrically developed muscle, and a man of quiet and courteous manners.

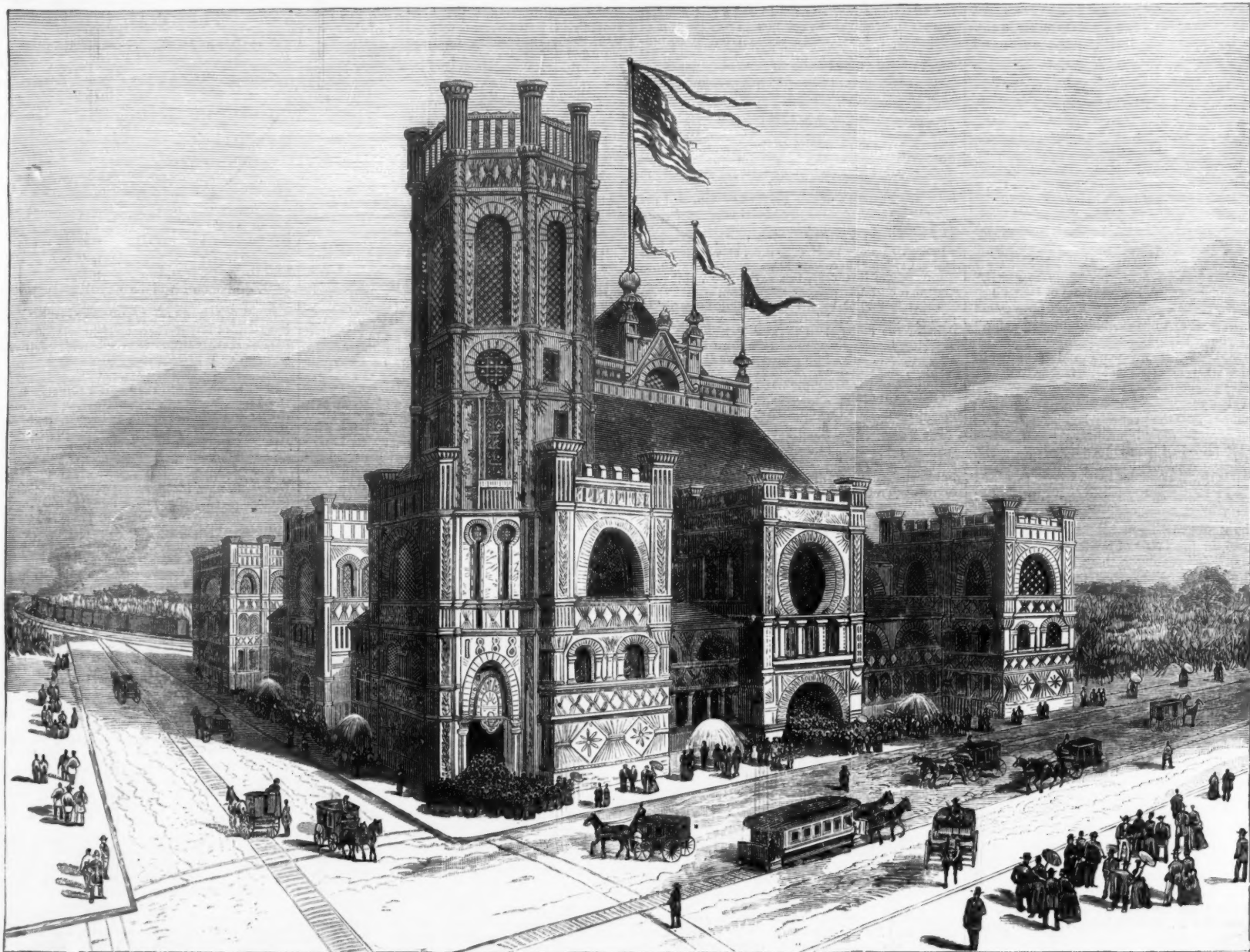
GENERAL HARRISON had a very hearty welcome on his return to Indianapolis last week. Several thousand people greeted him on his arrival and escorted him to his residence. At all the towns along the route from Toledo to Indianapolis he was welcomed by enthusiastic crowds. At Fort Wayne, where 6,000 people assembled in the public square, to which he was escorted, several hundred schoolchildren passed before him in review, showering him with bouquets.

FOR the second time within a year, the announcement is made in Brooklyn of the betrothal of an accomplished American young lady to an Americanized Chinaman. The marriage a year ago was between Ju Sing, a Chinese missionary, and a wealthy middle-aged lady residing on the Hill. They appear to be very happy. The parties to the present alliance are Thomas Bowie, an ex-laundryman whose Chinese name is not known, and Miss Annie Tuttle, who resides with her sisters and their widowed mother on Gates Avenue.

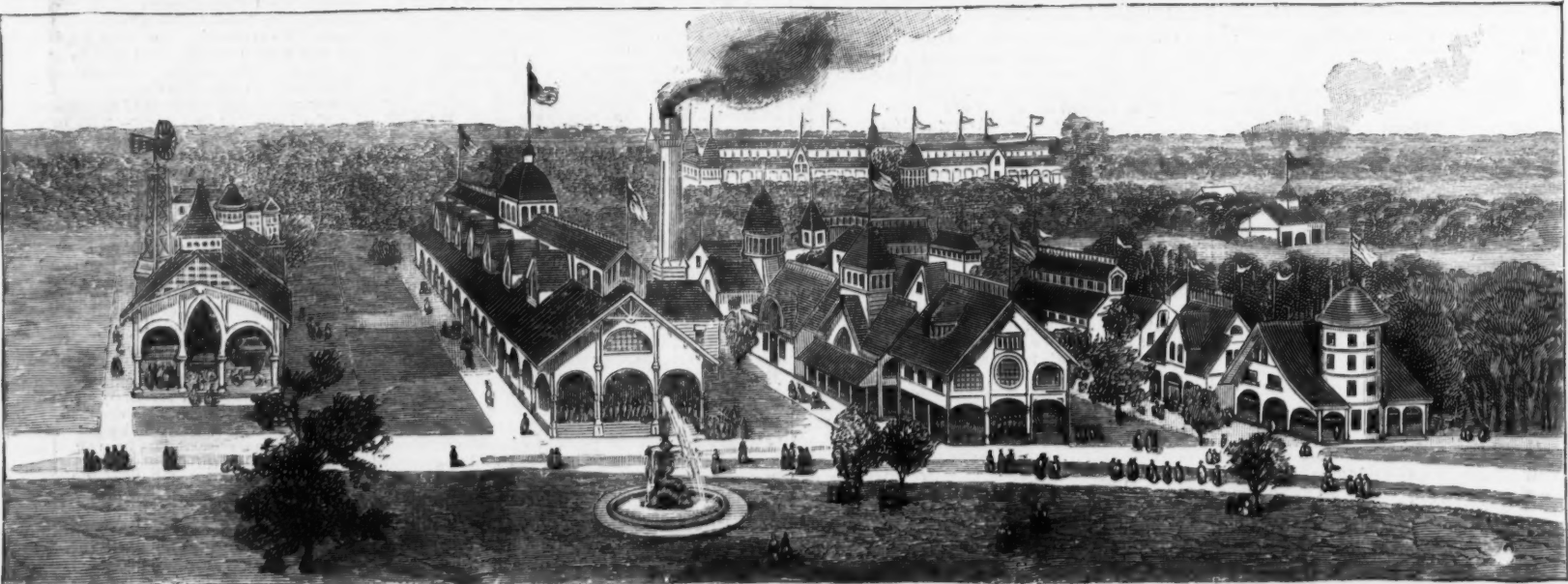
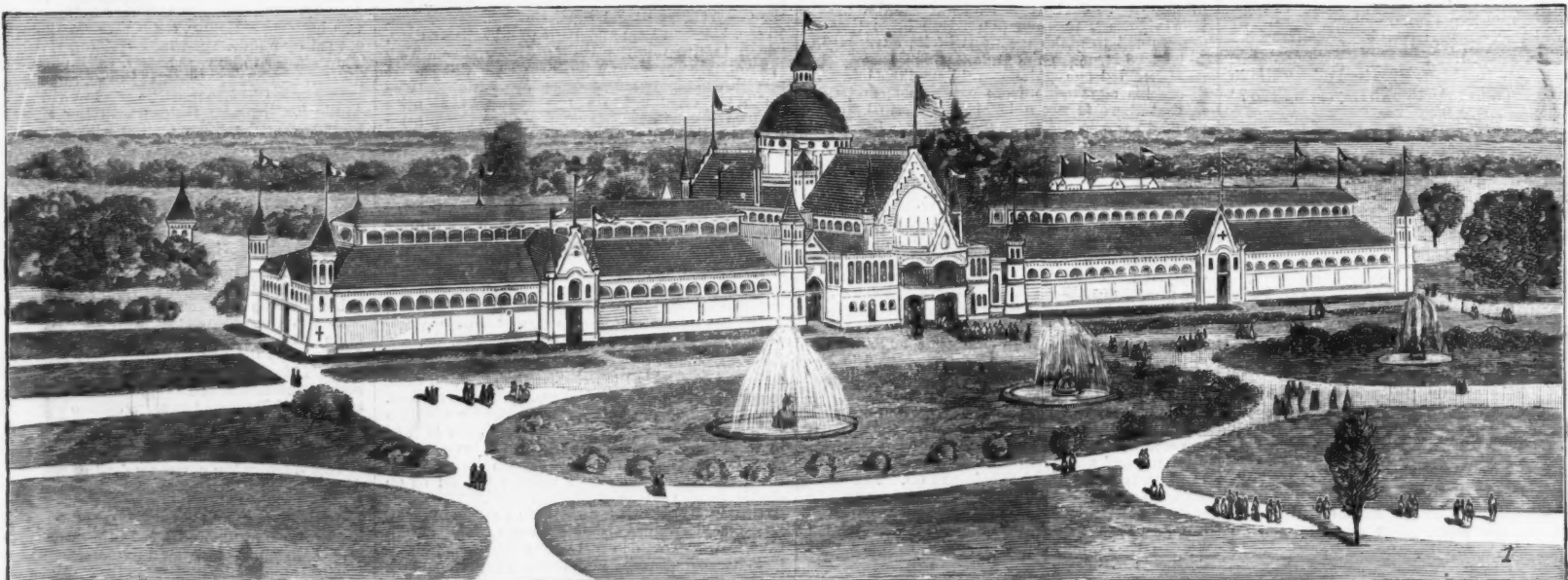
FREDERICK RULLMAN, the king of ticket speculators and one of the oldest backers of Italian opera, is dead in New York. He began life as a hackman, and drifted into the business of selling librettos in front of the Italian Opera House in Chambers Street, New York. By shrewd business management he gradually got a monopoly of the flower, newspaper and libretto trade, and advanced money to actors and managers at high rates of interest. When Charles Dickens visited this country, Rullman got the privilege of selling all the reserved seats for his lectures, and is said to have cleared \$200,000 by the transaction. Later he supported Colonel Mapleson at the Academy of Music for two seasons, backed Max Maretzek for a similar period, and helped Maurice Grau. Rullman was a man of no education, but possessed a keen business perception that enabled him to make a large fortune.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *World* says: "The most powerful man in Washington to-day is William L. Scott, the millionaire Pennsylvania Congressman. I think he should have conferred upon him the title of K. C., for he is a Kitchen Cabinet all to himself. The whole Cabinet rolled in one does not have the same influence with the President as does this shrewd, good-natured Pennsylvania millionaire. He has access to the President on all occasions and at all hours. He is never kept waiting. A Senator told me the other morning that he was at the White House on very important business not long ago. He was shown into the Cabinet Room, and there he saw one or two members of the Cabinet waiting for the President, in company with several other public men. He walked into the library, and was there informed that the President was closeted with Mr. Scott in a private part of the house. The Kitchen Cabinet was in session, and until it was over not a single one of the President's callers could get a word from him."

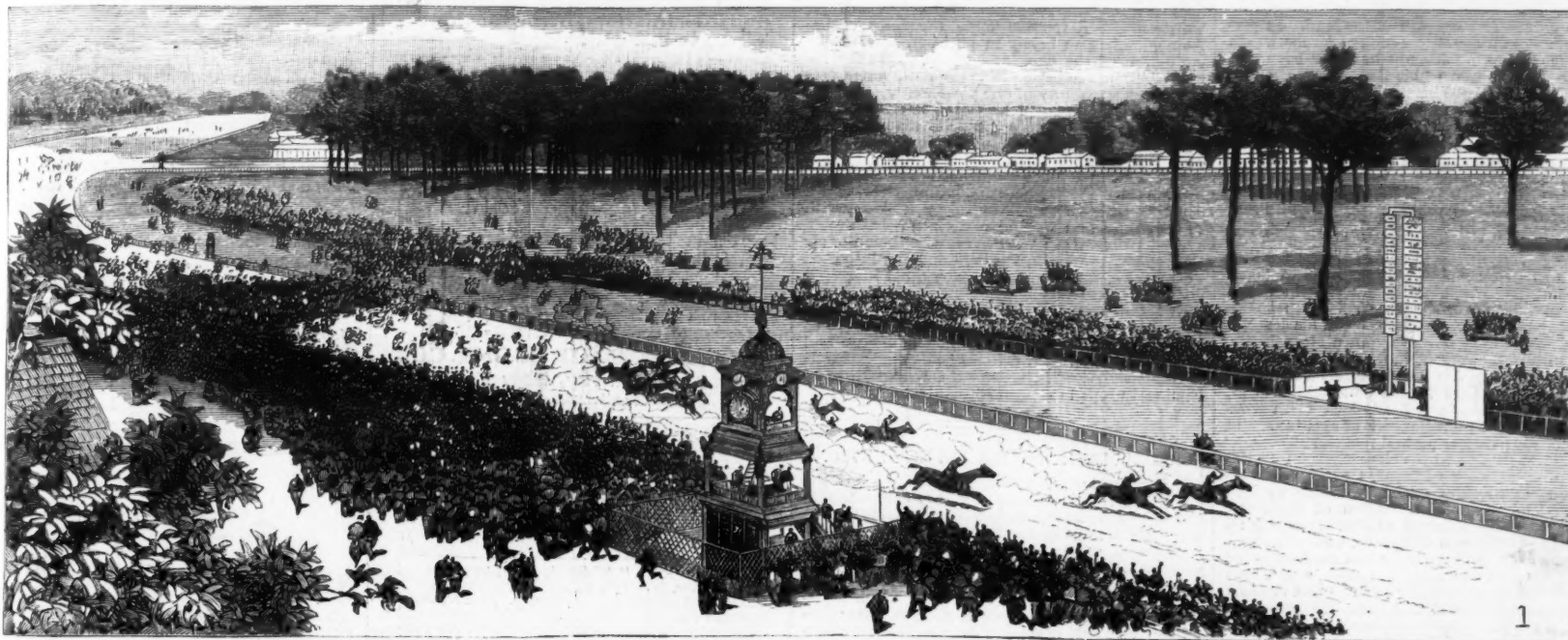
THE National Conservatory of Music, which Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber was one of the prime factors in establishing in connection with the American Opera enterprise, has by no means shared the fate of that well-deserving but unsuccessful effort for national art. The Conservatory, securely endowed and splendidly equipped, with a staff of thirteen professors, has gone on steadily with its work, with gratifying results. The report just issued for the year ending June 1st, 1888, shows that between three and four hundred students have been under instruction since the institution opened, less than three years ago. A notable feature of the Conservatory is its system of free State scholarships. Of these, up to the present time, two belong to Maryland (the "T. Harrison Garrett" and the "Mary Garrett" scholarships), one to California (the "Timothy Hopkins" scholarship), and three to New York (the "Jeannette M. Thurber," the "Francis B. Thurber," and the "Andrew Carnegie" scholarships). It is very desirable that at least one such scholarship should be founded for each State, and conferred upon the candidate from the same who exhibits the most talent, and this hope will, no doubt, sooner or later be realized.



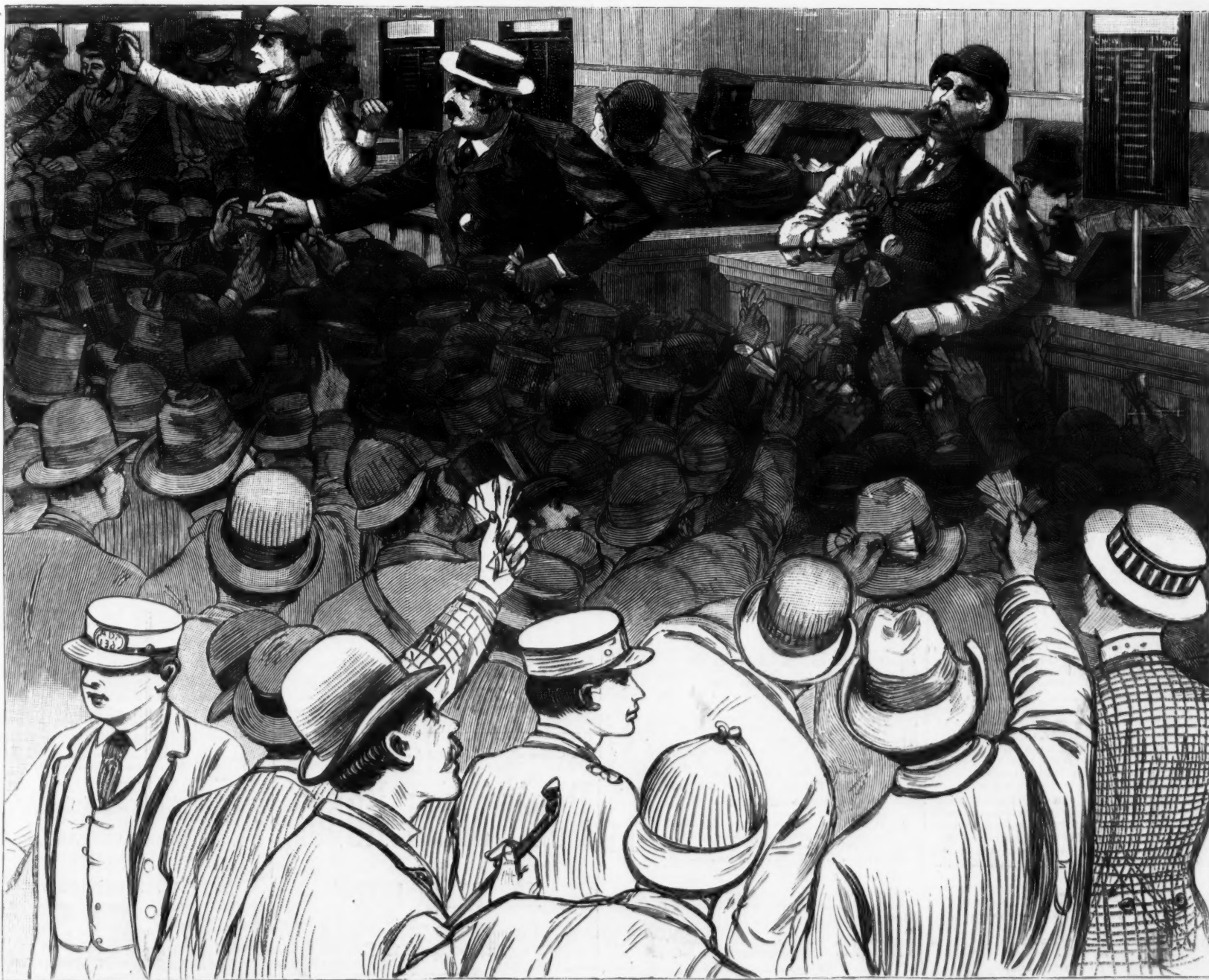
IOWA.—THE GREAT CORN-PALACE FESTIVAL AT SIOUX CITY, TO BE OPENED SEPTEMBER 24TH—THE PALACE.
SEE PAGE 75.



1. Central Exhibition Building. 2. East View, Machinery Department.
THE OHIO CENTENNIAL AT COLUMBUS.—VIEWS OF THE CENTRAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AND OF MACHINERY HALL.
FROM PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 71.



THE FINISH OF THE FUTURITY RACE—"PROCTOR KNOTT WINS!"—THE CROWD CLIMBING THE BARRIERS AND FOLLOWING THE HORSES.



MAKING BETS AT THE BOOKMAKERS' STANDS—EXCITING SCENES AT THE CLOSE OF A RACE.

THE FALL RACING SEASON—CHARACTERISTIC SCENES ON THE COURSE OF THE CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 75.

A POWERFUL BISHOP.

A VIENNA correspondent of the New York Times writes: "One of the strangest and most remarkable figures of this Empire is Mgr. Strossmeyer, the turbulent and powerful Bishop of Diakovar. Just at the present moment in particular his name is in every mouth, and his doings and sayings form an all-absorbing topic of discussion throughout the length and breadth of the land. In perpetual conflict with the Government for more than twenty years past, no attempt has ever been ventured to deprive him of his See. As recognized leader of the 18,000,000 Slavs who constitute an integral portion of the population of Austria-Hungary, he is blindly obeyed by his followers, and any attempt to discipline him would result in an immediate insurrection of the whole of Croatia and Esclavonia. Although venerated almost as a saint in the two provinces just mentioned, he is but seldom to be seen at the altar, and excepting on rare occasions he disdains the use of the cassock, which constitutes the customary garb of the clergy in all Catholic countries here. As a rule, the holy man is to be seen stalking through the streets of Agram and Diakovar, booted and spurred, dressed in a coarse, dark-gray shooting-jacket, a soft felt hat perched rakishly on one side of his head, a hunting crop under his arm, and a cigar in the corner of his mouth. Although over seventy-three years of age, his bristly, bushy hair shows but slight tinges of gray. The steel-colored eyes, deeply set back into the head, look forth from under an intensely shaggy pair of eyebrows, and are singularly penetrating and restless. The lofty and broad forehead and the clean-shaven face are lined with a network of furrows as deep and innumerable as those of either Gladstone or Von Moltke. The powerful formation of the lower jaw denotes great strength of character and tenacity of will—features which are, however, somewhat softened by a very kindly and good-humored mouth; one of those mouths, in fact, which look as if they are far more ready to smile and to crack a joke than to contract in anger. Of commanding stature and imposing presence, his aspect is much more that of a soldier than of a priest. He is far more at home on horseback, galloping across the country and taking hedges and ditches in true Leicestershire style, than in the pulpit; and, in fact, both in personal appearance and moral characteristics he is a perfect type of the Church Militant of the Middle Ages.

"The See of Diakovar is one of great wealth, and during his twenty years' tenure thereof Bishop Strossmeyer has developed its resources in such a remarkable manner as to place almost unlimited revenues at his absolute disposal. On every side he has founded agricultural and industrial enterprises of the most varied nature. The episcopal mines are among the most productive of the Empire, the fame of his breeding stud is known to all lovers of horseflesh throughout Europe, and the vastness of his operations as a timber merchant would make even the princes of the Chicago lumber trade open their mouths with astonishment. In fact, this wonderful prelate is the pivot on which the whole province turns, and on whom the major part of the population, more or less, directly depend for their daily bread.

"The resources thus obtained have been devoted by the bishop to the reconstitution of the Croatian and, in fact, all the Slav races in Austria into one political unity, and to their rescue from the appalling ignorance, moral degradation and barbarism for which they were proverbial during the first half of the present century. He has founded and endowed many universities and colleges, built churches, chapels, hospitals, theatres, public libraries and savings banks. His cathedral at Diakovar, a gem of the purest Gothic art, which was only completed a short time ago, bears an inscription over its central portal to the effect that it has been 'designed and built and sculptured, for the greater glory of God, exclusively by Croatsians.' No one was allowed to put his hand to the work unless it could be shown that he had Slav blood coursing through his veins. For several consecutive years the bishop kept men traveling through the country collecting all the old Slav legends, popular songs, poems, etc., which, after being carefully revised by the prelate himself, were printed and distributed gratis everywhere in order that, in the words of the bishop, 'the people might no longer be exposed to hearing those hateful German and Hungarian songs which contain nothing but curses for Croatia.'

"At the present moment all his efforts are directed towards obtaining the consent of the Vatican for the substitution of Slavonic in the place of Latin, as far as the liturgies are concerned. This change, thanks chiefly to his efforts, has been effected in the case of Montenegro, but the Pope has hitherto turned a deaf ear whenever it has been proposed to extend the privilege either to Austrian Slavonia or to Poland. All kinds of inducements have been held out to Pope Leo XIII. in the hope of obtaining his consent, and at this very time one of the cleverest of the Czar's diplomats, M. Iswolski, is at Rome negotiating with the Curia on the subject. The Muscovite press appears to be very sanguine as to the result of the Iswolski negotiations. Their success, however, would involve a rupture between the Vatican and the Austrian Government. For the latter neither would, nor, indeed, could, tolerate the change in question. Until now the German and Hungarian languages are the only ones officially recognized in any portion of the Empire. The adoption of the Slavonic—that is, practically, of the Russian—language for liturgical, and, as a direct consequence, for educational purposes, by the 18,000,000 of Slavs subject to Austrian domination, would inevitably tend to destroy and obliterate the boundary lines which, faint though they be, still serve to constitute a barrier against Russian aggression and absorption. A community of language, superadded to the community of origin already existing, would speedily lead to the amalgamation of the various branches of the Slav race in Austria to the parent stem in Russia.

RAILWAY PASSENGER TRAVEL.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA VESTIBULE LIMITED.
(Scribner's for September.)

GENERAL HORACE PORTER'S very interesting article on "Railway Passenger Travel," in Scribner's for September, discusses the development of railway travel in a most entertaining style. He regards the vestibule train as the highest point reached in securing the perfection of comfort and safety to the passenger. After detailing the progressive steps by which the vestibule was reached, he says:

"This invention, which was patented in 1887, succeeded not only in supplying the means of constructing a perfectly inclosed vestibule of

handsome architectural appearance between the cars, but it accomplished what is even still more important, the introduction of a safety appliance more valuable than any yet devised for the protection to human life in case of collisions. The elastic diaphragms, which are attached to the ends of the cars, have steel frames, the faces or bearing surfaces of which are pressed firmly against each other by powerful spiral springs, which create a friction upon the faces of the frame, hold them firmly in position, prevent the oscillation of the cars, and furnish a buffer extending from the platform to the roof, which precludes the possibility of one platform 'riding' the other, and producing telescoping in case of collision. The first of the vestibuled trains went into service on the Pennsylvania Railroad in June, 1886, and they are rapidly being adopted by railway companies. The vestibuled limited trains contain several sleeping-cars, a dining-car, and a car fitted up with a smoking-salon, a library with books, desks and writing materials, a bath-room and a barber-shop. With a free circulation of air throughout the train, the cars opening into each other, the electric light, the many other increased comforts and conveniences introduced, the steam-heating apparatus, avoiding the necessity of using fires, the fast speed, and the absence of stops at meal stations, this train is the acme of safe and luxurious travel. An ordinary passenger travels in as princely a style in these cars as any crowned head in Europe in a royal special train."

SEPTEMBER IN THE ALLEGHENIES.

THE crisp air and translucent atmosphere of the mountains at this season are perhaps more beneficial to health and certainly more enjoyable than at any other season of the Summer. These characteristics of bracingness and brightness prevail at Cresson in distinctive prominence. Besides, the first suggestions of coming Autumn are seen in the wild flowers and the faint flush which is beginning to tinge the leafage in delicate tints. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally conducted pleasure tours of September 6th and 12th cover the choicest portion of the Autumn season. The round-trip tickets are good for ten days from date of sale, except the last, of which the return trip is limited to September 20th. They will include a day's board at the Mountain House, and be sold from New York at \$9.50, Philadelphia \$8, and at proportionate rates from other stations. A reduced rate at the hotel will be granted the tourists during their visit. The train conveying the party will leave New York 9 A.M., Newark 9:30, Trenton 10:30, and Philadelphia 11:50 A.M. Tourists from stations where this train does not stop will connect with it at the most accessible point by regular train.

FUN.

When a meter is out of order it is probably troubled with the gas-trick fever.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

The best way to get even with a man is to pay him what you owe him.—Pensacola Commercial. The next best is to make him pay what he owes you.—New Orleans Picayune.

The men who should take a rest are those who are doing nothing. They should have rest so perfect that it will not include going about and bothering people who are at work.

A colored waiter in Chicago is noted for the large size of his mouth and for saying "Sah?" so frequently. It was Eugene Field who remarked that his "sah"-chasm was great.

"I understand that Col. Bear is very wealthy." "Well, he's worth about \$100,000." "How did he make it?" "He made it out of coal oil." "Indeed!" "Yes; his wife lit the fire with kerosene, and he got all of her money."—Lincoln Journal.

BYSTANDER (to saleslady):—"You didn't seem to take much pains to induce that lady to purchase that jar." Saleslady:—"No; I wasn't going to waste my time on her. She didn't want to buy anything." "But aren't you mistaken? She was evidently quite struck by the jar. I heard her say it was the loveliest thing she ever saw." "Yes; that's the reason why I knew she didn't intend to buy it."

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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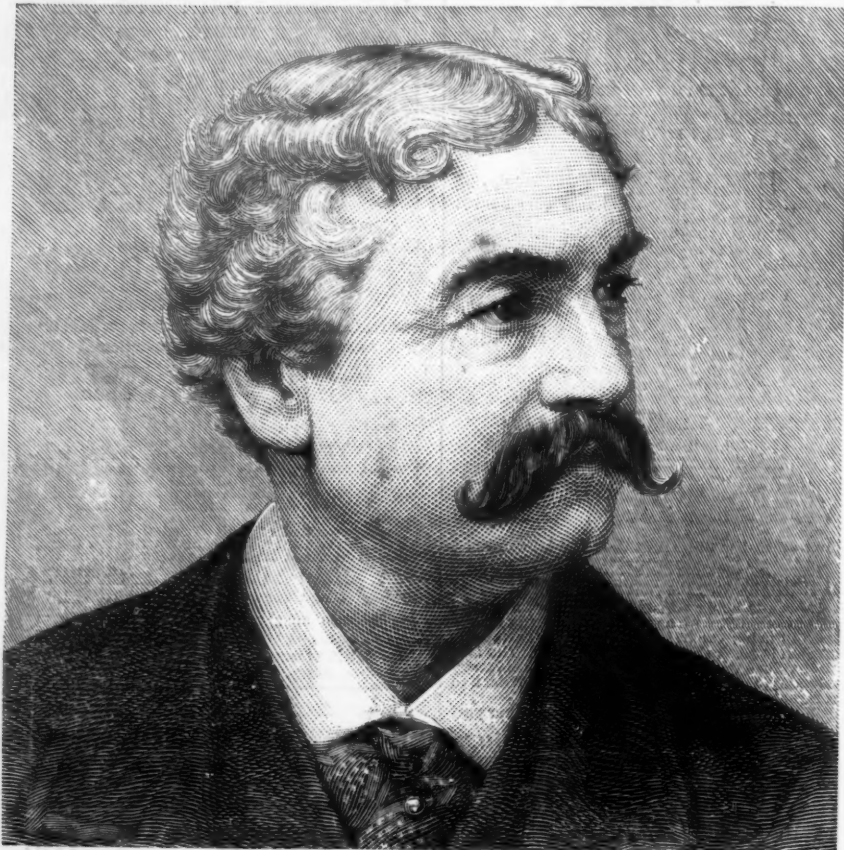
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THE LATE LESTER WALLACE.
SEE PAGE 67.



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THE MARCH OF PROGRESS!

OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENT!

"Competition is the life of trade," and if you have not seen our improved \$3 Shoe, made for the Summer and Fall trade of 1888, you cannot imagine how lively trade is, or how hard our competitors have to work to keep within sight of us.

Ask your retailer for the James Means \$3 Shoe, or the James Means \$4 Shoe, according to your needs. Positively none genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so; if you do not insist, some retailers will coax you into buying inferior shoes upon which they make a larger profit.

MADE ALSO IN
LONDON &
CONGRESS
JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE
UNEXCELLED IN
STYLE UNEQUALLED
IN DURABILITY
AND PERFECTION
OF FIT.
JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE
SEAMLESS

JAMES MEANS' \$4 SHOE
CANNOT FAIL
TO
SATISFY
THE MOST
FASTIDIOUS
JAMES MEANS' \$4 SHOE
MADE ALSO IN LONDON & CONGRESS

Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry, that we are now able to affirm that the James Means \$4 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten dollars. If you will try on a pair, you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate.

Ours are the original \$3 and \$4 Shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products.

In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States. Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest one cent in a postal card and write to us.

JAMES MEANS & CO.,
41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

1784. 1888. BARBOUR'S FLAX THREADS.

USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE

Embroidery, Knitting and Crochet Work.

Also for Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macramé and other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,
New York, Boston, Philadelphia,
Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.

The Finest Meat-Flavoring Stock.

USE IT FOR SOUPS,
Beef Tea, Sauces and Made Dishes.



EXTRACT of MEAT

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd., London.

TRADE MARK
EAPL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD.

PRINT PRESS \$3. Circular size \$8. News-
paper size \$44. Type-setting easy,
printed directions. Send 2 stamps
for catalogue presses, type, cards,
etc., to factory.
CARDS KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.



Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd
Of political combatants, clamoring loud;
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are.

And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat;
For the **SOHMER PIANO**, as certain as fate,
Is "the ticket" to win, for the year '88!

Copyright by SOHMER & Co., 1888.

From "The Midsummer Puck," 1888.

In the Midsummer Number of *Puck*, a cut of which is published in this issue, there is a handsome picture descriptive of the present condition of affairs in the political world, and also showing in the most striking manner that, although the politicians are fighting amongst themselves, yet the winning ticket for 1888 in the musical world is the **Sohmer Piano**.

In the front of the picture is Columbia being most courteously received by Mr. Hugo Sohmer, who desires to present to her the "Sohmer" Piano. By the side of Mr. Sohmer in a group are Josef Kuder on the left, Mr. Charles Fahr in the centre, and Mr. Georg Reichmann at the right, rejoicing over the recognition of the instrument's merits on the part of Columbia, representing the people of the United States. Above this is a banner waving the words "Sohmer & Co." In the background one sees the Capitol, with masses of struggling politicians surrounding Cleveland, Thurman, Harrison and Morton.

But in one thing they all agree: that is, the high position and standing of the celebrated "Sohmer" Piano.